

THE LIVING AGE.

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A COMFORTER.

WILL she come to me, little Effie—
Will she come in my arms to rest,
And nestle her head on my shoulder,
While the sun goes down in the west ?

I and Effie will sit together,
All alone in this great arm-chair :—
Is it silly to mind it, darling,
When life is so hard to bear ?

No one comforts me like my Effie,
Just I think that she does not try—
Only looks with a wistful wonder,
Why grown people should ever cry ;

While her little soft arms close tighter
Round my neck in their clinging hold :—
Well—I must not cry on your hair, dear,
For my tears might tarnish the gold.

I am tired of trying to read, dear ;
It is worse to talk and seem gay :
There are some kinds of sorrow, Effie,
It is useless to thrust away.

Ah, advice may be wise, my darling,
But one always knows it before ;
And the reasoning down one's sorrow
Seems to make one suffer the more.

But my Effie wont reason, will she ?
Or endeavor to understand ;
Only holds up her mouth to kiss me,
As she strokes my face with her hand.

If you break your plaything yourself, dear,
Don't you cry for it all the same ?
I don't think it is such a comfort,
One has only one's self to blame.

People say things cannot be helped, dear,
But then that is the reason why ;
For if things could be helped or altered,
One would never sit down to cry ;

They say, too, that tears are quite useless,
To undo, amend, or restore,—
When I think *how* useless, my Effie,
Then my tears only fall the more.

All to-day I struggled against it,
But that does not make sorrow cease,
And now, dear, it is such a blessing
To be able to cry in peace.

Though wise people would call that folly,
And remonstrate with grave surprise ;
We wont mind what they say, my Effie,
We never professed to be wise.

But my comforter knows a lesson,
Wiser, truer than all the rest,
That to help and to heal a sorrow,
Love and silence are always best.

Well—who is my comforter ?—tell me !
Effie smiles, but she will not speak,
Or look up through the long curled lashes
That are shading her rosy cheek.

Is she thinking of talking fishes,
The blue bird, or magical tree ?—
Perhaps I am thinking, my darling,
Of something that never can be.

You long—don't you, dear ?—for the genii
Who were slaves of lamps and of rings ;
And I—I am sometimes afraid, dear,
I want as impossible things.

But hark ! there is nurse calling Effie ;
It is bedtime, so run away ;
And I must go back, or the others
Will be wondering why I stay.

So good-night to my darling Effie ;
Keep happy, sweetheart, and grow wise :—
There's one kiss for her golden tresses
And two for her sleepy eyes.

—*Englishwoman's Journal*.

A. A. P.

EVENING HYMN.

THE shadows of the evening hours
Fall from the darkening sky ;
Upon the fragrance of the flowers
The dews of evening lie :
Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
We kneel at close of day ;
Look on thy children from on high,
And hear us while we pray.

The sorrows of thy servants, Lord,
Oh, do not thou despise ;
But let the incense of our prayers
Before thy mercy rise ;
The brightness of the coming night
Upon the darkness rolls :
With hopes of future glory chase
The shadows on our souls.

Slowly the rays of daylight fade ;
So fade within our heart,
The hopes in earthly love and joy,
That one by one depart :
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
Within the heavens shine ;—
Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in heaven,
And trust in things divine.

Let peace, O Lord, thy peace, O God,
Upon our souls descend ;
From midnight fears and perils, thou
Our trembling hearts defend ;
Give us a respite from our toil,
Calm and subdue our woes ;
Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
Oh, give us now repose !

—ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTOR.

From Fraser's Magazine.

LIFE AND WRITINGS OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

SECOND PAPER (THE FIRST IS IN NO. 871, LIVING AGE).

OF De Quincey's characteristics as a writer, the most prominent, perhaps, is that he was scarcely any thing else. This looks like a truism, but a little reflection will make it evident that the pursuit of literature as literature, is not very common with men of De Quincey's general powers. Few men like him, take up subjects purely for their *literary* interest, apart from any ulterior views of political teaching or scientific usefulness. Literary interest—that curiosity which arises from the investigation of a subject in relation to the conditions of thought by which it is governed, to errors which have been made in its treatment—to other provinces of the intellect with which it may be connected—to further prosecution of it without any other reason than that it appears worth knowing in itself—is quite different from the interest excited by works of amusement, by poems, moral essays, histories, or works of philosophy. All these have an end out of themselves; either utility for the reader or a sense of relief for the writer. A man writes poetry because he feels the impulse strong within him; the desire of fame and popularity unites with the inward suggestion to give it life and concrete form. He writes history from a wish to complete the knowledge of mankind, or rectify party errors, or because he feels an impulse analogous to the poetic one, to display the march of nations and deal with their annals pictorially; or, with the ardor of a discoverer who delights to make his discoveries known, he hastens to expose to light the secret causes of events which have changed the course of the world. Analogous motives, all open to view and clearly defined, may be assigned for the composition of most literary works. But there are people who like literature *as literature*, and who find this taste grow by what it feeds on. They do not seek it out because they want information on some particular point, but having come in contact with some channel of information, they find their curiosity awakened, and pursue it. Such people, whether writers or readers, do not probably exist except in a highly cultivated society, with much

leisure and abundance of books. The habit of mind which enables any one to address or be addressed by them, would be dissipated by the tumult of a very stirring period. It is not a state of violent excitement, it has little or nothing in common with the feelings which were appealed to by Rousseau, and which enabled him to sell his *Contrat Social* as fast as editions of it could be printed. Nor is it at all allied to the curiosity which guarantees the success of publications "on the war," or on any other subject of the day, and which would have ensured a rapid sale of a "treatise on hair plaiting" at the siege of Carthage. It results that those who minister to this literary curiosity are not what is called "popular authors." Their constituency is not by any means the Marylebone of the literary world. It is not positively useful to know any thing that they have written. A man feels unhappy if he thinks he should go through life without reading Gibbon and all the other books "which no gentleman's library should be without." Perhaps he never will read them; but he is comforted by the idea that one day he will. But no one ever determines to read the class of books we have in view, unless he finds in himself a remarkable degree of sympathy with the writer, or has very strong ideas on the subject of self-cultivation. Such books, if read by any other than these two classes, are so by some one who lights upon a detached portion, finds it full of originality, and is thus attracted to the rest. Such writers seldom have any *half-disciples*. Those who admire and like them, do so as a whole, and those who do not like them do not read them at all. In the case of a writer who has made several great efforts, but has occasionally broken down under the weight of his subject, we allow for failures, we take one part and leave the rest. But writers like those we allude to, do not take up subjects because they are good or exciting ones, but because they happen to know something about them; or, having started a literary problem, like to run it down. They begin just when they like, and stop when they find their ideas running dry or their manner getting tedious. To such writers, the existence of magazines is a great benefit, indeed almost a necessity; for, though a man might write a variety of essays when it suited him, and publish

them afterwards, the necessity of their appearing in a popular form is a salutary check on pedantry, and sometimes on diffuseness, and sometimes acts as a stimulus without which the article would not come into being at all.

Connected with this discursiveness, and, as it were, libertinism of the intellect, we find several other features more or less characteristic of the class we have described, and which are exhibited in full force in De Quincey. We have alluded to his non-popularity, and the point is well illustrated in some remarks of his own upon Charles Lamb, which throw so much light upon his own position that we must quote a part of them:—

"It sounds paradoxical, but it is not so in a bad sense, to say, that in every literature of large compass some authors will be found to rest much of the interest which surrounds them on their essential non-popularity. They are good for the very reason that they are not in conformity to the current taste. They interest because to the world they are not interesting. They attract by means of their repulsion. Not as though it could separately furnish a reason for loving a book, that the majority of men had found it repulsive. *Primâ facie*, it must suggest some presumption against a book, that it has failed to gain public attention. To have roused hostility indeed, to have kindled a feud against its own principles or its temper, may happen to be a good sign. That argues power. Hatred may be promising. The deepest revolutions of mind sometimes begin in hatred. But simply to have left a reader unimpressed, is in itself a neutral result, from which the inference is doubtful. Yet even that, even simple failure to impress, may happen at times to be a result from positive powers in a writer, from special originalities, such as rarely reflect themselves in the mirror of the ordinary understanding. It seems little to be perceived, how much the great scriptural idea of the *worldly* and the *unworldly* is found to emerge in literature as well as in life. In reality, the very same combinations of moral qualities, infinitely varied, which compose the harsh physiognomy of what we call worldliness in the living groups of life, must unavoidably present themselves in books. A library divides into sections of worldly and unworldly, even as a crowd of men divides into that same majority and minority. The world has an instinct for recognizing its own; and recoils from certain qualities when exemplified in books, with the same disgust or defective sympathy

as would have governed it in real life. From qualities, for instance, of childlike simplicity, of shy profundity, or of inspired self-communion, the world does and must turn away its face towards grosser, bolder, more determined, or more intelligible expressions of character and intellect; and not otherwise in literature, nor at all less in literature, than it does in the realities of life."

He goes on to say that there are certain qualities forbidding to the world and the thoughtless, which yet command a select audience in every generation, and that the peculiarity which recommends them to the few, is the combination which they present of the writer's personal character with the actual views he expresses, each mutually enhancing and interpreting the other. "There is in modern literature a whole class of writers, though not a large one, standing within the same category; some marked originality of character in the writer becomes a co-efficient with what he says to a common result; you must sympathize with this *personality* in the author before you can appreciate the most significant parts of his views." He observes that there were no such books in the classical times, and instances Montaigne, Sir T. Browne, La Fontaine, Swift, Sterne, Harman, Hippel, and Jean Paul, as the most notable illustrations of his view among the moderns.

The reader who is acquainted with these writers will have at once remarked that they have all much more of the *humorist* than De Quincey. It is not in this respect that we mean to compare him with them, though, as we hope to show, his humor is one of the most prominent of his faculties; but in respect of the intermixture of his personality with what he writes. Those who think they have disposed of this kind of thing by calling it "egotism," forget that the first business of a writer who has any thing to say is to get himself read, and that if egotism accomplishes this end, its exhibition is justifiable. *Primâ facie*, no doubt egotism is an objectionable thing, but this is not because it is egotism, but because it is generally irrelevant. We use the phrase *cui bono*, and in literature, perhaps in other matters, the correlative *cui malo* would sometimes be equally convenient. Lord Palmerston's celebrated definition of dirt as only "matter in the wrong place," is susceptible of a very wide application. Why do we not object to an

orator for being egotistical? He does nothing but get up and say "*I think so and so.*" Not only this, but the more he tells you how he came to entertain his views, the more disposed we feel to enter into them. This egotism, in another point of view, is the measure of the strength of his convictions. An impersonal speaker seems impassive, uninfluenced, and uninfluencing. In such literature as that before us, egotism is the substitute for personal communication. It is the author's method of reaching us; of feeling, so to speak, the pulse of his audience. Books are very good things in their way, but they are at the best a *succedaneum* for the human being himself, and he is the most successful and powerful writer who makes us forget that we have a book before us, and speaks to us as nearly as may be face to face. Probably the intellectual pleasure the most elevated in character, and enjoyed with the least consciousness of effort, is the discussion of literary, philosophical, and social problems like those which De Quincey has treated, between men with sufficient power to deal with them, and geniality enough to temper the dry thread of argument. Nobody who can appreciate such conversation would deny that it was more enjoyable than the perusal even of the masterpieces of literature, because it is in its nature more stimulating to the mind. Under the influence of a great genius in a book, we are too apt to be merely passive and receptive; we cannot stop him to ask what he means, and get him to say it over again in different words; we cannot suggest an *ἀπορία*, and get him to answer it. All this can be done in such conversation as we have in our eye, and that which comes nearest to it at the present day are those digressive and discursive essays in which, while the main thread of the argument is on the whole adhered to, there is a disposition to diverge in pursuit of any object of interest which may cross the reader's path, a readiness to anticipate and meet the objections and inquiries which may occur to him, and a communion of feeling kept up which sustains the attention with as little fatigue as is compatible with any intellectual effort at all. Such an essay resembles in its course the brook of which Tennyson sings, not destitute of fish for those who know how to catch them, winding here and there "to join the brimming river" at last; or it re-

minds us of one of those pleasant cross-country expeditions, in which our readers must have shared at one time or other; the leisurely walk, with half the day before us to do it in, to some distant point seen over intervening ridges of forest, through which pater and mater-familias pace quietly, without turning to right or left, while the children divaricate in all directions, to track a mole, dig up a rabbit, or discover a spring; indicating their whereabouts only by the distant bark of the *collutores catelli*, or the waving of the tall fern through which they force their way; but ever and anon coming back to the main line of march, and all converging to the right point at the conclusion of the ramble. No one, of course, would maintain that such excursions afford the same amount of training as sustained rifle drill or assiduous gymnastics; and we do not mean to put the digressive essay into competition as a mental exercise, with the stiff, metaphysical treatise, the *précis* of various histories, or the strict, scientific work; but both the summer walk and its literary counterpart give wholesome exercise, and suggest many new objects of interest which, when once started, may be booked for thorough investigation at some future time.

That such writing as we have described should have its full weight, it must have at least three qualities. In the first place, its subjects must be good and valuable; desultory conversation on trifles is the merest impertinence which can be inflicted on a reader. Next, it must not be the painful elaboration of a mind unused to the topic, and filled only for the occasion, whether with thought or reading; it must be the outcome of a full reservoir, which can bear copious draughts without showing the mud at the bottom. Thirdly, its style must be good, and not only good, but capable of variety, now humorous, now precise and logical, now familiar, now rising into eloquence or pathos. To a writer on such matters, nothing should come amiss; he ought, like Socrates, to be ready to talk to anybody about any thing, and to adopt conversational ease or the most impassioned oratory without seeming to unite any thing incongruous. He must be precise, because the ideas he handles, irreducible as they are to exact demonstration or comparison with facts, and dealing with whatever is most subtle and evanescent in feeling and thought,

require the greatest accuracy in expression to make them appear either new or worth recording. De Quincey remarks in his *Essay on Style* that we had a right to expect perfection in style from Greece, because Greek speculation was evolved from the mind within independently of external realities; whereas the exuberance of objective knowledge, by accumulating materials which are themselves worthy of inquiry, tends to wean the mind from speculation, and thus from the culture of style; the matter transcends and oppresses the manner:—

"The matter tells without any manner at all. But he who has to treat a vague question, such as Cicero calls a *questio infinita*, where every thing is to be finished out of his own peculiar feelings, or his own way of viewing things (in contradistinction to a *questio finita*, where determinate data from without already furnish the main materials), soon finds that the manner of treating it not only transcends the matter, but very often, and in a very great proportion, is the matter. In very many subjective exercises of the mind, as, for instance, in that class of poetry which has been formally designated by this epithet (meditative poetry, we mean, in opposition to the Homeric, which is intensely objective), the problem before the writer is to project his own inner mind; to bring out consciously what yet lurks by involution in many unanalyzed feelings; in short, to pass through a prism and radiate into distinct elements what previously had been even to himself but dim and confused ideas intermixed with each other. Now, in such cases, the skill with which detention or conscious arrest is given to the evanescent, external projection to what is internal, outline to what is fluxionary, and body to what is vague,—all this depends entirely on the command over language as the one sole means of embodying ideas; and, in such cases, the style, or, in the largest sense, *manner*, is confluent with the matter."

No one who is at all acquainted with De Quincey's works will hesitate to admit that he possesses in a remarkable degree the three characteristics on which we have insisted as necessary for the success of the *Disgressive Essay*. Of the interesting nature of his subjects a glance at the index* of his

works will sufficiently inform us. He has discussed a variety of questions in all departments of literature—biographical, philosophical, historical; has dealt with some of the most remarkable names, and the most debated questions; and has touched few things on which he has not thrown a flood of additional light. Of course we do not mean that his subjects are popular ones, or that they in general belong to what may be termed the "highly respectable" range of topics; but they are such as the people by whom this kind of man is most appreciated would best like.* His fulness of mind is equally evident. There is no sign in his *Essays* of his having "read up" for the purpose, so that other people who know the subject well can see to the end of his tether. He never seems to put forth all his information, but to draw from a not easily exhaustible store. It is not difficult to imagine how a man who read as copiously as he appears to have done till the age of thirty, should have a vast stock of learning and digested thought at command, and thus, while fully dealing with the main thread of his discourse, he finds matter for exuberant comment in much that is collaterally connected with it. He seems to be able to lavish "extrajudicial opinions" without a thought of saving them up as nuclei for other disquisitions. The secret of much of this stock of funded power is in part to be found in what he says, in the *Essay on Conversation*, of his own habits:—

"In my own early years, having been formed by nature too exclusively and much easier for enabling a reader to find what he wants. As regards the one from Edinburgh, we surely are entitled to complain of the want of a more complete index than is afforded by a mere alphabetical catalogue of the headings of the essays. Scarcely any writer requires an index so much as De Quincey, for scarcely any one treats of such a variety of topics in the same paper. It is impossible to recollect at first where any particular remark is to be found, for few people can be expected to carry in their heads the subtle links by which these were, in reality, connected with the main subject."

We should also like to be certain of what papers the author really intended to include, and what to omit in this edition. Thirteen papers are found in the American issue which are not reprinted here. Their titles are as follows: "Life of Shakspeare," "Life of Goethe," "Life of Schiller," "Sir W. Hamilton," "Oxford" (autobiographical), "The Household Wreck," "On Suicide," "On Superficial Knowledge," "On English Dictionaries," "Dryden's Hexastich," "Secession from the Church of Scotland," "California," "On the Supposed Scriptural Expression for Eternity."

* We may take an opportunity of saying one word on the Collected Edition. Against the author's own scheme, needlessly elaborate as it appears to us to be, we have perhaps no right to urge any thing. A man must arrange his papers as he pleases. But the plan of the American Edition is

bidly for solitary thinking, I observed nothing. Seeming to have eyes, in reality I saw nothing. But it is a matter of no very uncommon experience—that, whilst the mere observers never become meditators, the mere meditators, on the other hand, may finally ripen into close observers. Strength of thinking, through long years, upon innumerable themes, will have the effect of disclosing a vast variety of questions, to which it soon becomes apparent that answers are lurking up and down the whole field of daily experience; and thus an external experience which was slighted in youth, because it was a dark cipher that could be read into no meaning, a key that answered to no lock, gradually becomes interesting as it is found to yield one solution after another to problems that have independently matured in the mind."

Elsewhere he tells us of his misery in not being able to read all the books that are worth reading (xiv. 45).

The flexibility of his style can only be fully appreciated by those who have gone through most of his writings, but no one who takes up the *Confessions of an Opium-Eater* can fail to perceive with what remarkable nicety he manages to express ideas so shifting and vague that most minds find the greatest difficulty in contemplating them at all, and generally an entire impossibility in expressing them in language. But he runs through the whole gamut of style without apparent effort, varying from the loftiest strain of eloquence to the familiar periods of conversation, with a vivacity which seldom fatigues and an alertness of view which is perpetually opening side glimpses and hints of truth which it is not his present purpose to follow up. The combination which he presents of these two opposite characteristics constitutes one of the great charms of his style, and makes it constantly fresh, because, though we know in a very general way that it will be varied, we cannot tell how or when. Many of the best writers have a kind of mannerism which one gets accustomed to, and whose peculiar cadences and method may be anticipated with unerring certainty, so that a few typical paragraphs might be constructed to embody all their peculiarities. But in De Quincey's way of handling a subject there is often a sort of diabolic ingenuity which reminds one of the progress of the arch-enemy in Milton—

"So eagerly the fiend,
Through rough or smooth, land, sea, bog, dense
or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his
way."

Of his powers of dealing with familiar topics we could not give examples without taking up a disproportionate amount of space. We may refer, however, for an instance of the peculiar ease and delicacy to which we allude, to his description, in the *Essay on Conversation*, of Coleridge's monologue; and to his account, in vol. i., of his childish campaigns under the command of his brother. As one specimen of his subtlety we may point to his amusingly elaborate proof that the reputation of brilliancy in conversation is a sheer illusion. The other quality, of impassioned eloquence, is more easy to exemplify; and as it belongs to the class of papers which he considered to be most peculiar to himself in their conception, we ought not to omit a quotation. He himself divides his papers into three classes; 1 those which seek primarily to amuse, occasionally passing into a higher interest; 2, those which address themselves chiefly to the understanding; 3, the "modes of impassioned prose," as he calls them, which include the *Confessions*, the *Suspiria*, and some passages in other parts of his works. Among these last are of course to be found his highest flights of style. To a fine passage beginning "O burden of solitude," which will be found in the section (vol. i. p. 25) called "The Affliction of Childhood," we must content ourselves with a reference. At the close of the *Essay on Joan of Arc*, the author contrasts the last moments of the victim and her persecutor, the Bishop of Beauvais, and tries "through the gigantic glooms to decipher the flying features of the separate visions" which might be supposed to present themselves to each at the farewell crisis. He imagines "the shepherd girl that had delivered France," seeing in her last dream, just before the moment of dissolution, "the fountain of Domrémy, and the pomp of forests in which her childhood had wandered"—feeling that her overwhelming mission had been accomplished, and that she had "victoriously tasted the stings of death," dying "amidst the tears of ten thousand enemies—amidst the drums and trumpets of armies—amidst peals redoubling on peals,

volleys upon volleys, from the saluting clarions of martyrs." But for the bishop

"There is a tribunal that rises to the clouds; and two nations stand around it, waiting for a trial. Shall my Lord of Beauvais sit again upon the judgment-seat, and again number the hours for the innocent? Ah! no: he is the prisoner at the bar. Already all is waiting: the mighty audience is gathered, the court is hurrying to their seats, the witnesses are arrayed, the trumpets are sounding, the judge is taking his place. Oh! but this is sudden. My lord, have you no counsel? 'Counsel I have none: in heaven above, or on earth beneath, counsellor there is none now that would take a brief from me: all are silent.' Is it, indeed, come to this? Alas! the time is short, the tumult is wondrous, the crowd stretches away into infinity, but yet I will search in it for somebody to take your brief: I know of somebody that will be your counsel. Who is this that cometh from Domrémy? Who is she in bloody coronation robes from Rheims? Who is she that cometh with blackened flesh from walking the furnaces of Rouen? This is she, the shepherd girl, counsellor that had none for herself, whom I choose, bishop, for yours. She it is, I engage, shall take my lord's brief. She it is, bishop, that would plead for you: yes, bishop, SHE—when heaven and earth are silent."

But the most magnificent passage in point of far-reaching sublimity of suggestion, in pomp of style, and in the peculiar harmony between the ideas and expression, is the following, from the close of the *Confessions*; and we think he never surpassed this effort in any later production;—

"Then suddenly would come a dream of far different character—a tumultuous dream—commencing with a music such as now I often heard in sleep—music of preparation and of awakening suspense. The undulations of fast-gathering tumults were like the opening of the Coronation Anthem; and, like that, gave the feeling of a multitudinous movement, of infinite cavalcades filing off, and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of ultimate hope for human nature, then suffering mysterious eclipse, and laboring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, but I know not where—somehow, but I know not how—by some beings, but I know not by whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was travelling through all its stages—was evolving itself, like the catastrophe of some mighty drama, with which my sym-

pathy was the more insupportable, from deepening confusion as to its local scene, its cause, its nature, and its undecipherable issue. I (as is usual in dreams where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement) had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. 'Deeper than ever plummet sounded,' I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake, some mightier cause, than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurryings to and fro, trepidations of innumerable fugitives; I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me; and but a moment allowed—and clasped hands, with heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and, with a sigh such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of Death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!"

Such dreams, however, be it said in passing, may come without the aid of opium. And it is a curious fact—showing that we are not only "such stuff as dreams are made of," but sometimes not such strong stuff—that some have experienced intensities of misery and of happiness in dreams to which their waking moments can afford no parallel. The highest elevation of feeling which earthly affections can impart—the most refined intellectual pleasure which an excited imagination can bestow—the bliss of the redeemed, the sense of infinite relief in the consciousness of salvation—the unutterable horror of the eternally lost as the last hope vanishes like a vapor, and the last file of glorified spirits lessens to a speck in the distance of the empyrean, and leaves the condemned soul to solitude and despair—may all be realized by the mind in the visions of the night—who knows whence arising or bearing what relations to the invisible world that encompasses us, but which no metaphysic microscope has been able to analyze or identify? Nor will those who have ever experienced any thing of such a nature fail to appreciate the scarcely less

impressive descriptions to be found in the *Suspiria de Profundis*,* of the *Mater Suspriorum*, *Mater Lacrymarum*, and *Mater Tenebrarum*—imaginative personifications of the corroding anxiety, the benumbing grief, and the fell phantom-haunted disease of the mind. To the power and accuracy of De Quincey's writing we have just met with a remarkable testimony in Mr. Atkinson's *Travels in the Region of the Amoor*, in reference to the singular paper on the *Exodus of a Tartar Tribe*, which appeared originally in *Blackwood*, and is reprinted in those volumes. Although himself no mean describer, and though acquainted with both the scenery of the event and the manners of the people, Mr. Atkinson is content to refer his reader, once for all, to the narrative of one who had no personal knowledge of either.

We have mentioned De Quincey's eloquence in the first place, because the power of writing "impassioned prose" was that upon which he himself seems to have set the greatest store; though it is not perhaps that which would be most likely to strike a casual reader of many of these volumes. He was justly of opinion that the peculiar phenomena of mind which he had undertaken to exhibit, required a special style of description, which, if adequately developed, might constitute almost a separate department of literature. The importance which he attached to this point may seem fanciful to some persons, and worthy only of being classed with that temper which in poetry has sometimes neglected the great and general passions of human nature to explore and mystically sketch all manner of exceptional and sometimes morbid emotions. There is this difference, however, between the two cases, that the writers to whom we allude describe what few people feel at all, while De Quincey describes what almost every one feels at some time or other. They describe what may be common with certain individuals, but is manifestly exceptional to the species. He describes what is common

to the species, though doubtless an exceptional mood to each individual. The strange and sometimes awful phenomena of dreams—the enlargement of our perceptions consequent on certain states of body—the emotions, of which we can scarcely render an account to ourselves, produced by certain phases or ideas in poetry—certain associations belonging to places or persons or mythic ideas—the fleeting glimpses of great national characteristics shown in habitual turns of expression or modes of thought—the mysterious sensations of fitness or discordance which are sometimes suggested in matters having no obvious analogy with harmony or proportion,—are things which every one may recognize as having, more or less vaguely, formed part of his own mental experience, though from the infrequency of their occurrence, and the extreme difficulty of seizing on them—as well as from the consciousness of something intimate and sacred in them—they are not much talked or written about. But in this field De Quincey is the acknowledged master. He is the prince of these ærial powers. He must be exactly the kind of writer whom Wordsworth, in one of the finest of his odes (*On the Power of Sound*), desiderates, to record the fleeting phenomena which music can imitate or set working, but can give no further account of, and which poetry equally shrinks from the task of adequately delineating:—

"Ye wandering utterances, has earth no scheme,
No scale of moral music, to unite
Powers that survive but in the faintest dream
Of memory? Oh, that ye might stoop to
bear

Chains, such precious chains of sight
As labored minstrelsies through ages wear!
Oh, for a balance, fit the truth to tell
Of the unsubstantial, pondered well!"

The vividness of the Opium Eater's descriptions is probably due to the fact that they were in the first instance much more thoroughly realized than analogous ideas and feelings are with most people, partly from intense natural sensibility, partly from the stimulating effects of the drug itself; but those who will consult the passage on the lines of Phædrus about Æsop (vol. i. p. 120), or that on the emotions caused by looking on at a country dance (vol. i. 204), at many parts of the *Affliction of Childhood*, and of the *Essay on Conversation*, will see that this collodion-like sensitiveness and fa-

* In *Blackwood*, 1844—not in this edition—from the fifth volume of which, where it should have appeared, an accident on the eve of publication caused it to be omitted. The publishers would confer a favor upon purchasers of this edition by issuing the "Suspiria" in a separate form, so as to bind up with volume 5; say rather, would fulfil a debt; that volume being at least twenty pages shorter than the shortest of its fellows, and a hundred shorter than the longest.

cility of record was not confined to the phantoms of the imagination.

But that which would be most likely to strike any one who casually opened one of these volumes would be probably the intellectual subtlety of remark and originality of view; and, next, the humor which plays over his pages and gives them a genial atmosphere like the conversation of a good-natured teacher. We can scarcely read two pages of De Quincey, open where we will, without finding something which startles by its novelty and truth; something which one thinks so obvious that it ought to have been said before, and yet so new that no one has ever said it. It is rather hazardous to the reputation of any writer to extract such passages, because, like all good things, they are better in their own place than anywhere else, and come upon us there with a pleasant sort of surprise, like witty things in conversation; while the art of extracting them separately is like saying, "Now I am going to tell you a good story"—which, unless the story is very good indeed, is always fatal to its effect.

De Quincey's humor is the more pleasant because it seems to flow out naturally, and not to be the result of effort. He does not sit down to write with the intention of being funny. None of his essays are on humorous subjects, except perhaps the one on *Murder considered as one of the Fine Arts*, a paper the germ of which is probably to be found in the exclamation he quotes from Coleridge in regard to a fire which they had both been looking at, but at which the poet had stayed longer—"We damned it unanimously!" In a similar spirit he elsewhere remarks that a certain proportion of rogues is essential to the proper *mounting* of a metropolis—that is, the idea is not complete without them. In the essay just referred to, there is a touch peculiarly his own—"To those who wish to become proficient in this art (of murder), I would say of Williams' murders as Horace said of Greek literature '*nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ*,' ESPECIALLY NOCTURNA." He has some whimsical ideas about the fairies at Domrémy:—

"The fountain of Domrémy was on the brink of a boundless forest; and it was haunted to that degree by fairies, that the parish priest (*curé*) was obliged to read mass there once a year, in order to keep them in

any decent bounds. Fairies are important, even in a statistical view: certain weeds mark poverty in the soil, fairies mark its solitude. As surely as the wolf retires before cities, does the fairy sequester herself from the haunts of the licensed victualler. A village is too much for her nervous delicacy: at most she can tolerate a distant view of a hamlet."

And real historic sympathy (if we may coin such a phrase) is shown in the remark on the courage which must have been required to begin to write in prose when nobody had ever written any thing except in verse. It is freshness of analogical perception rather than humor which makes him call Plato and Xenophon the two *Evangelists* of Socrates; but there is wit in the question, why, since there is "Platonic love," there should not also be "Platonic disgust"? Of a similar class is his remark that "Nahum Tate flourished—if a man can be said to have flourished who was always *withering*." The idea of the value of time, and of our slight account of it, which he enforces by comparing the hours to beads on a necklace, one end of which is hanging over the side of a boat, allowing them to drop off one by one irrecoverably into the water, and the expression "jewelly hæmorrhage," both remind us of some of those metaphors of Burke which only fail to excite laughter because they are too serious and too pertinent to that which they illustrate. In his *Essay on the Greek Drama*, he amusingly combats the old notion of the chorus being designed as "moralizers" on the action, by saying that so far from being distinguished as moralists, their function was of a contrary kind, since they witnessed so many plots, and other crimes, that they must always have been "liable to the charge of misprision of felony." This kind of facetiousness reminds one of the question which he raises in describing his interview with George III.; remarking on the rule of etiquette which forbids you to start a topic in conversation with a sovereign, he asks whether you might not, by cunningly devised answers, lead him to start the topic you wished; and would not this be a sort of treason? Of Parr's sermon on hunting, he says that one might naturally expect it "to be followed by one on steeple chases." The following passage on the obscurity of the subject of Greek music is happily expressed:—

"I read book after book upon it; and each successive book sank me lower into darkness, until I had so vastly improved in ignorance, that I could myself have written a quarto upon it, which all the world should not have found it possible to understand. It should have taken three men to construe one sentence."

He accounts, amusingly enough, for the meaningless character of Mendelssohn's music to the *Antigone* :—

"But the key to all the popularity of the Platonic Mendelssohn is to be sought in the whimsical nature of German liberality, which, in those days, forced Jews into paying toll at the gates of cities, under the title of 'swine,' but caressed their infidel philosophers. Now, in this category of Jew and infidel, stood the author of 'Phædon.' He was certainly liable to toll as a hog; but, on the other hand, he was much admired as one who despised the Pentateuch. Now that Mendelssohn, whose learned labors lined our trunks, was the father of *this* Mendelssohn, whose Greek music afflicts our ears. Naturally, then, it strikes me, that as 'papa' Mendelssohn attended the synagogue to save appearances, the filial Mendelssohn would also attend it. I likewise attended the synagogue now and then at Liverpool, and elsewhere. We all three have been cruising in the same latitudes; and, trusting to my own remembrances, I should pronounce that Mendelssohn has stolen his Greek music from the synagogue."

Perhaps one of the neatest things he ever said is the suggestion, apropos of the verses of Bowyer (the master of Christ's Hospital), that they might be good, but were of the class which "ought to be *boiled* before being read."

It is sometimes difficult to distinguish originality of view from happiness in the expression of a view already received; not more from the disguise with which felicity of statement invests an idea, than from the fact that the most original things often look the least so as soon as they are distinctly uttered. There is a natural affinity in the mind for truth, at least for what our fallible human faculties are forced to consider as such, which causes some kinds of ideas as soon as they are clearly apprehended, to become at once part of our mental household furniture; they slip into the mind and fit it so accurately that they seem to have been

there always, and we cannot conceive ourselves without them. We are not referring to the conclusions of science, but to what are called "views" in philosophy and criticism; and what we have said is, of course, open to the objection that what seems certain to one person may appear very doubtful to another. That is so, and the views we have in our mind's eye must go in each case and with each person for what they are worth. Of such—if they are such—there is no lack in De Quincey's works. The exclamation "Well, that's very true, but I never thought of it before;" to be succeeded some time after by "I don't know who said it, or whether I thought of it myself, but at any rate I believe it's true enough," are provoked by many parts of his writings. We will give a few instances. Here is a valuable remark on the philosophy of character:

"So representative are some acts, that one single case of the class is sufficient to throw open before you the whole theatre of possibilities in that direction." In saying that "there is not one page of English prose precise enough to avoid a chancery suit," he points at once to the source of the legal verbiage which laymen find so offensive, and to the weakness of much of our popular rhetoric, which collapses or evaporates as soon as the test of precision is applied to it. In the *Essay on Style* (vol. xi.), there are some acute things said about the influence of punctuation—on the weakness of the "Socratic method," as it is called, as a means of arriving at truth—and on some points in Plato's manner of writing, which are well worthy of attention. The criticism on Plato's habit of employing expletives is a good example of De Quincey's manner of thought. Plato is an acknowledged master in the art of writing, but probably no one ever took up a dialogue without feeling a little strangeness in the "yes, by Jove," "yes, by Apollo," "yes, by the dog," which seem introduced without any particular necessity of emphasis. One soon takes such things as matters of course, being in Greek; they are delightfully easy to imitate in composition; it seems audacious to point at their being out of place. But when the audacious person has actually committed this sacrilege, it somehow seems less shocking. Like the old Roman senator when an impertinent Gaul had

stroked his beard, the institution is mortal, after all, and amenable to human criticism, possibly to human destructiveness.

The *Essay on Murder* has already been mentioned as an effort of humor; it is also an illustration of the philosophic turn of mind with which we are now concerned. It is based on the principle that every thing is to be judged in an æsthetic point of view, by the end it professes to accomplish and is to be considered good or bad (i.e., for its own purposes), according to the degree in which it accomplishes that end. As Aristotle would say, "the virtue of a thing is to be judged by its end." The aphorism we have already quoted from Lord Palmerston implies that there is a place where dirt is far from being a nuisance; at the root of a fruit-tree, for example, it is *dans son droit*; and there, the dirtier it is the better. Excluding from view the ultimate purpose of the thing, and simply taking murder, so to speak, on its own merits, De Quincey attempts an æsthetic valuation of it. The more murderous murder is, the more does it come up to its fundamental idea. This notion of an odious thing having a sort of excellence of its own, is perhaps at the bottom of people's thoughts when they say, "How nasty this is. Do taste it!" The nastiness has reached so high a pitch that it is worth attention for its own sake: it is a curiosity in its way: and so, too, are the "best" murders. A similar subtlety of perception or originality of view is found in the remarks on talent and genius (i. 201), in the note on Allegory (xiii. 278), in the advice against undertaking particular lines of study on casual suggestions (xiv. 42); on the bad logic of the Fathers (viii. 171). There is soundness in his censure (ix. 134) of the habit of quotation—even when not in excess—into which some writers fall, as indicating not so much poverty of mind as want of assimilation of ideas, and a feebleness of grasp which puts one at the mercy of an associative word to evoke the expression of another writer, and elbow our own out of their proper position. He is not less happy in fixing by a single word the thoughts of others than in bringing out his own. No one who is acquainted with the stories that are told of the recollection which half-drowned persons experience of past events, "co-ordinated in rigid sequence," and visible in one instant

of time to the spiritual eye, will fail to find the idea refreshed by the comparison of the brain to a *palimpsest*. Another and equally interesting species of speculation is suggested by the remarks (to which we have referred in speaking of his own literary position) on the class of writers whose attraction consists in the degree to which their objective capacity is colored by their subjective medium, and by his inquiry why there were no such books in Greek and Latin? The *Essay on Lamb* is full of such things—one is, that Lamb's character, "lies dispersed in *anagram* all over his writings."

Some persons may be disposed to demur to our high estimate of De Quincey's powers in points like the foregoing, by remarking that they are but details, after all—mere ingenious hints which no doubt require a certain degree of mental courage, perhaps only affectation, to set down, but which might occur to any cultivated and meditative mind, yet prove no capacity in their author for sustained grasp of thought on the whole breadth of a subject. Any one wishing to be convinced that De Quincey has made real additions to the existing stock of thought on important or interesting subjects, may be recommended to the *Essays on Greek Tragedy* (vol. xiv. 217, and vol. ix. 54), in which there are ideas which will be new even to those who are most deeply read in the literature of the subject; the *Essay on Conversation*, which is the only attempt at a philosophical treatment of the topic we remember to have met with anywhere; that upon the *Essenes*, a problem which, having first shown it to be such, he has investigated with singular boldness and success; his treatment of the question which was raised by Coleridge, as to the moral principle of Paley; and his marvellously clear and convincing account of the "Science and Scripture" controversy, which latter we are inclined to reckon among the chief triumphs of his logic. His point of view on the latter question is, that the messengers of revelation in all ages must have assumed the truth of the popular notions in cosmogony, however false they might happen to be. Except by a perpetual miracle, no one who pursued an opposite course could fail to encounter difficulties which would entirely overthrow his principal object. A divine teacher who should attempt to correct men's received ideas on any

non-spiritual point, must necessarily involve himself in a labyrinth of controversy; for on a subject open to observation he must *prove* what he asserts; and in proving must appeal to the very faculties, of which in the spiritual sphere he is concerned to urge the inadequacy. He would thus engage himself in two distinct grooves of thought tending inevitably to neutralize each other; and the least important of which, from its comparative nearness to our faculties and its practical bearing would certainly gain undue precedence. Besides this, there would be a singular anomaly in the spectacle of a people advanced to the acme of scientific culture, yet in their natural position as respects the arts of life and general intellectual progress; an incongruity quite at variance with what we are led to suppose has usually been the divine method of dealing with man. By the bestowal of such a benefit through such a channel, the human race would entirely lose that discipline of its faculties which gradual acquisition seems adapted to confer, and which the wisest men have held to be, after all, its chief value.

A reader coming to De Quincey for the first time will probably derive from his style a certain impression of prolixity, if prolixity can be conceived of apart from dullness. Scarcely any thing, however, can be deemed a fault which in the present days of rapid reading tends to impress a writer's idea more firmly on the reader's mind—a merit which must be conceded to De Quincey's way of putting things, though it takes up more space than saying them simply would have done. The value and the lengthiness of his style flow at once from the same circumstance—that he takes an idea and moulds it into shape before you. Macaulay—to turn to the readiest contrast—is a writer who also requires a large space in which to manœuvre; but the movements of his regiments of words are all rehearsed beforehand, and follow a prescribed order, the final result of which may be seen by any one accustomed to the ground and the usual dispositions of the commander. We can thus anticipate a conclusion of Macaulay's as soon as we have got well into the groove of his paragraph or of his essay; though we do not realize it in its full splendor unless we see it presented in his own fashion. With De Quincey we should be left in the lurch if we were to

break off before we have been led to the point whither he desires to bring us, for, like a general marching an invading column through a difficult country, he finds it necessary to *crown all the heights* before he can venture to move on; which is no doubt an excellent measure of precaution in a literary as well as a military sense, but it obliges those who accompany such a force to exercise all their patience and perseverance.

Returning from the manner to the matter of our author, we may remark that some of his views in the essay *On Style* are questionable or exaggerated. He says, for instance, that the present age is remarkable for having become habituated to pedantry in this respect;—people in the street say, "I will avail myself of your kindness;" a lodging-house keeper used the word "anteriorly;"—and attributes this result to the influence of journalism, which has turned the language of books into the dialect of common life. No doubt hack reviewers and penny-a-liners have much to answer for; they have introduced us to "works which will repay perusal," to the "devouring element," and to many other equally valuable formulas. But the evil of which De Quincey complains is not to be laid at their door, though it may "avail itself" of the assistance they furnish. It is but one phase of a very widespread mischief—the passion for finery and display above one's station, which it is a commonplace to say is characteristic of the times in which we live. There is a tendency to ape what is higher as well in the assumption of a borrowed garb of thought as of every thing else. Nothing is more disheartening than to see the way in which the name of every thing successful is paraphrased and copied; how, as soon as any idea gains a certain vogue, the tribe of petty commercial speculators cling to its skirts, thinking that virtue goes out of them with their name, or a colorable transfer of it; nothing, we say, is more disheartening than this practice of barefaced imitation—except its success. It would be a fond thing to expect that when we have successful adulteration in trade and commerce, we should not also find it in literature. We have often heard of the poet whom great Hebrew clothiers are supposed to keep. We never hear of that master of ornate prose, who must also do a good deal of work for them and their Christian com-

petitors. It is from such mysterious scribes and from the flowery pens of auctioneers (blandest of created tradesmen), that the deluge of flatulent style has made its way into common speech and writing:—

“*Hoc fonte derivata clades
In patriam populumque fluxit.*”

A whole vocabulary and a mass of phraseology have thus come to exist, which fits everybody and every thing as well, that is, as badly, as the ready-made garments it is one of its chief purposes to puff, and has as little individuality or real “style” about it. When De Quincey finds fault with newspapers because they are habitually “read short,” as he calls it, he attributes to the involved character of the writing what is really caused by its unmanageable mass. Very few people have time to be concise, and if we are to have news “hot and hot,” we must take it with its imperfections, one of which is that of using more words than are really wanted. The *Spectator* newspaper in its best days was an ideal of journalistic brevity, but this quality was attained, we have always understood, at an expenditure of great time and trouble, which would be simply out of the question for a daily paper which aspired to pay. At vol. xi. p. 188, De Quincey gives us a description of the “leader” of a newspaper, which is a considerable exaggeration as regards any article we ever saw, and utterly untrue of those of the *Times*, which most people justly consider as the type of such matters. The conductors of the *Times* and of most papers are well aware that “involved sentences” would make them unreadable; and that the gentlemen at the clubs and in the country, who have nothing else to do but to read their paper, and deal it out again to the next person they meet in a partially assimilated form, would go about saying they couldn’t understand it. Everybody who reads the *Times* knows that its sentences are short and its language plain, often colloquial. If it has only one idea in an article, it is because it is aware that one idea is as much as the average reader can carry at once. The skill of the article writer is to bring the reader’s mind into such a state during two-thirds of the article, that when the idea is presented in the course of the remainder, it may slip in without difficulty. No compari-

son would better describe the general *modus operandi* of “leaders” than that which De Quincey applies to his own disquisitions—that of a rider bringing a horse up to a fence—gently at first, then with speed increased, yet not so increased as to exhaust by expenditure of power—till the exact point is reached at which the leap harmonizes so well with the stride, that it seems little more than an extension of it. German style falls under De Quincey’s censure as much as English; and this we are not ambitious to defend, though we have little doubt that many exceptions might be found to the charge of cumbrousness in this respect which he brings against German writers as a body. The mass of French writers are certainly deserving of the praise he bestows upon them for their avoidance of *des longueurs*—at least as far as the mere mechanism of style is concerned; but any one who should assert that this characteristic is universal, can never have looked into Comte. We had intended to make some further remarks on De Quincey’s notion of rhetoric, which is quite different from that usually entertained; but the question resolves itself into one of terms. By “rhetoric” he simply means what in general is meant by “style;” using the word oratory to express both the higher efforts of eloquence and any kind of spoken prose. We do not see any good reason for his having twisted the usual meanings of the words to this extent; but if the above distinction is kept in mind, no difficulty will be felt by a reader of the essay in question.

A jealous perusal of De Quincey’s writings would probably furnish a hostile critic with material for an estimate of him, which, while positively misrepresenting nothing, would leave a mistaken and inadequate impression of his powers. We do not take up this hostile position, feeling that where a writer’s merits so decidedly counterbalance his faults, and have yet not been duly appreciated, it would be a suicidal task to insist upon and pursue minutely every thing which looks like a mistaken opinion. We shall only confine ourselves to signalizing a few points on which a reader who may have become fascinated by the power and acuteness of his genius ought to be on his guard, and remember that the intellectual stimulus which such a writer imparts is of little value if it only leads to unreasoning acquiescence in

any opinion put forth with confidence; and that the armor of doubt and hesitation, and the Ithuriel lance of inquiry, are often most needed in testing the less praiseworthy efforts of him who has originally supplied them. Perhaps it is consonant to the character of a mind which has sought out so much that is new, and has allowed no time-honored assertion to pass without testing its value, that it should both have attempted the task of whitewashing Judas Iscariot and of attacking Plato and Socrates. The former ingenious paradox is adopted from a German writer, and is worked out with De Quincey's usual fulness and temporarily overmastering logic. It embodies the view that Judas had no thoughts of mere social and individual treachery; but that having expected the kingdom of the Messiah to be a temporal one, he betrayed his Master in order that he might be driven to declare himself in the plenitude of his power. De Quincey does not appear to see that the suggestion, even if true, does not much mend the character of the traitor, since his object was in any case a selfish one, only instead of being a mere vulgar turncoat, influenced by the love of gain, he is made out an even more subtle villain, playing a double game, cheating both parties, and exhibiting an utter misconception of all that he must have heard from the Divine Teacher.

De Quincey's objections to Plato are such as would not have much weight with any one even moderately acquainted with that philosopher, but they might prejudice those who are not. Nobody requires to be warned against believing in a community of women such as is recommended in the celebrated Fifth Book of Plato's *Commonwealth*; it is much more requisite to warn a student against believing that Plato would ever have wished to see his doctrines carried into practice. A speculator who takes certain principles, and follows them out into their logical consequences, irrespective of actual life, is not to be judged on the same grounds as one who obviously keeps on all occasions to the limits of what is practicable. Plato was a man of the former, Aristotle of the latter, sort. We therefore blame Aristotle—that is, we say he was not as superior to the morality of his age as such a man ought to have been—for his notions about slavery; since we find these notions imbedded among oth-

ers which have a close reference to the exigencies of actual statesmanship. But when Plato spins a theory, not one particle of which could he have had the smallest hope of seeing reduced to practice, we ought to allow him the license which in practice such a man would have been the last to take. If Plato had begun to realize his theory, and had got so far that nothing but the Fifth Book remained to carry out, we should have nothing to say. That is not the case; and any one who takes the *Republic*, and holds up this part of it to detestation, obtains a cheap victory, which in no degree affects the esteem or admiration which we ought to feel for Plato's philosophical character in general.

To estimate Plato by the *Republic* alone is unfair enough, but it is still more surprising to find that De Quincey has a dislike to Socrates, in whom we should have expected him to find a congenial spirit. The perverse estimate which he forms of the great dialectician may be contrasted with the eloquent and discriminating account which Mr. Grote has given of him in the eighth volume of his *History*, many sentences of which have been in our minds as applicable to De Quincey himself in a minor degree. To quarrel with the popular notion of Socrates; without having any additional facts to base the objection upon, must be referred to the same love of paradox which has led him on another occasion to say of Dr. Johnson, that "he had no interest in man," a view which it is really not worth while to stop for the purpose of confuting. A wrong-headedness of a somewhat similar kind has led him, in animadverting on Coleridge's tendency to make pets of certain persons (as Bowyer and Sir A. Ball), to attribute this propensity to his indulgence in opium! a most singular idea, and one which could not to all appearance have had the slightest warrant in De Quincey's own experience of the effects of the drug. A much truer view of the phenomenon is suggested in the essay *On Foster*; viz., that Coleridge was attracted by the spectacle of qualities which were constitutionally denied to him, but the possession of which would, he fancied, have made him a happy and prosperous man. Of De Quincey's treatment of Coleridge as a man we have before spoken, and it is a question of personal ethics rather than of literary merit or opinion.

Only two points in De Quincey's literary character remain to be noticed. One of these is his scholarship. Nobody can read one of his essays without seeing that he is rather vain of it; and in the *Confessions*, he has stated his pretensions with some distinctness. Unfortunately, he has given us no means of deciding on his powers, such as a bit of original writing, or a translation into Greek or Latin would furnish; nothing, indeed, but two lines of Latin verse, one of which is not bad, but insufficient as a test even of his powers of versification:—

"Auribus insidet ceratis, auribus etsi
Non audituris hybernâ nocte procellam."

We do not doubt that his range of classical reading was wide, and far more at his fingers' ends than with many accurate scholars of our universities; one can see that Greece and Rome, and their literature, were fresh and living subjects of interest to him—whether the minutæ of scholarship were possessed by him or not.* It is also to be remarked, that whatever may have been his deficiencies in practice, he had a thoroughly sound idea of what the difficulties of classical composition were, and how they were to be overcome; and from the ease and confidence with which he diverges to questions of the kind without raising any suspicion of having read to show off, we may imagine that the *copia verborum* would not have been wanting. It is also tolerably evident that no mere sciolist could have transplanted the large quantity of German erudition which he has introduced to his readers, without making some slip by the way, and getting found out; a thing of which no one has accused him.

The other point is his power of writing fiction. Most clever people try fiction at some period or other, and it is a trial to which a man who has won reputation in other fields is often very unwise in exposing himself. He may write gorgeous historic prose—may have a keen eye for character, and a wide knowledge of the world, but the management of a story in novel or play will be utterly beyond him—perhaps because the faculty of mind required is of a lower and

more minute order, just as it is much more difficult to swallow a pill than a good-sized piece of food. De Quincey has made only two attempts at fiction, neither of which are preserved in the edition before us. *Klosterheim*, a short romance of German mediæval life, is perhaps as complete a failure as was ever perpetrated by a clever man. We once met with it at a country inn on a rainy day; but neither these highly favorable circumstances nor our interest in the author were sufficient to carry us through. The scenery and architecture were over-described; the historic and processional part of the affair completely overlaid the romantic element, and the characters had about as much vitality as the pasteboard "Miller and his Men" of a child's theatre. Much better, because on a much less ambitious scale, is a sketch called the *Household Wreck*, which may be read in the American edition. It is the description of a fond husband and tender wife in an ideal home, such as De Quincey often liked to picture to himself, whose felicity is broken up in the course of a few hours by the sudden imprisonment of the wife on a false charge of theft in a shop, brought against her by a tradesman whose designs on her virtue have been baffled. The story is powerfully told, and from the intensity with which one's sympathies are kept on the stretch throughout, it is easy to imagine that the author thoroughly felt all he described, and probably was very glad to find that so painful a narrative was nothing but the work of his own imagination. It is such a tale as some miserable man, as he paces round and round his lonely room and broods over real or imaginary wrongs, might weave for himself out of one or two trivial incidents, fancying what might have been, wondering what may have been, and recollecting what has been, till he confounds the deductions of his reason with the facts of his information, and feels strangled in his self-spun web of circumstantial evidence. To such ideas as these, opium would no doubt be a powerful stimulant; and the vagueness of the localities, the fewness of the actors, and the continuity of the impression, combine to suggest that it must have been the product of some such waking vision. No one, we imagine, who takes the story up will fail to read it through; but it is an effort one does not wish to see re-

* There is one instance in which he speaks very positively on a point of this kind, and we think wrongly. He asserts that the word *probabilis* was never used in Latin in our sense of "probable." It is, however, used in this sense by Cicero in the *De Inv. Rhet.*, i. 46, a passage to which any good Latin dictionary would have directed him.

peated, and which affords no criterion as to the author's powers of writing fiction in general.*

To *cui bono* a writer is generally the last refuge of depreciation, and hence those who could not deny the intellectual power of De Quincey's writings, have suggested that his career was "profitless," and the world not much the better for any thing he wrote. The remark, if just, is rather a formidable one, and must sweep away the pretensions of the greater part of all the literature that has ever existed. For how many books of all that have been written is the world really the better? or how many writers can be held on this theory to have spent a profitable career? It is a very narrow conception of literature which confines it to nothing but what is "purifying," "elevating," "improving," and the like. The mind wants stimulating and bracing as well, and often it requires relaxing—or what are the majority of novelists for? The criticism which thus denounces De Quincey would appear to rank his efforts with the less valuable parts of Hazlitt or Leigh Hunt—productions fitted to amuse or startle, and having no relation to any of the heights of moral or intellectual excellence. Such an estimate of him even the above imperfect sketch would, we hope, show to be most unfair. It is true, as we have said at the outset, that he treats his subjects in a most unconventional fashion, and that he is not likely to be thoroughly appreciated except by those who bring to the work a certain degree of sympathy and congeniality. If such persons find by the perusal of his writings their love for goodness strengthened, their admiration for intellectual excellence increased, their standards of merit raised or corrected, and their mental vision purified for the contemplation of the new fields he has opened to them, it is in vain to say that the career of such a man is "profitless." Profitless to whom? only to such objectors and to those who think as they do. What they really mean is, that he ought to have made more money, and to have employed himself in writing some large and elaborate work. With the

* In his *Essay on Goldsmith* (vol. vi. p. 205), he has some remarks on novel-writing, the mistaken views of which appear to us to explain in a great measure his own failure in that line.

former interpretation of profitableness we will not attempt to meddle. The latter suggestion, however, is so often made that it is worth a word of comment. Why should a person be condemned to write a big treatise or an epic poem if he can do other things better? If he has a mind full of information and thought on an immense variety of subjects, and has something new to communicate on each of them, the task of a single work will probably preclude his uttering more than a small amount of what is in him, and which is the natural outcome of his genius. It is much better both for himself and the public that he should say what he has to say in his own way; the genuineness and sincerity of which this mode of address is susceptible far more than compensates, by the greater depth to which it sinks in the mind, for the imposing attitude which the big-book plan might have gained for him. And it is on his personal contact with the reader and the glow of sympathy thus elicited that the value of De Quincey's writings, in the "profitable" point of view, must rest. Though every thing he has written bears the stamp of maturity, and if at times puerile, he is never juvenile, yet we always think of him as influencing the young; not because he addresses himself specially to them, but because a large number of his subjects are such as men do not in general pursue with an eager and genial interest except at the outset of life. When we say the young, we do not mean schoolboys, but intellectual young women, and such men as the authors of the letter signed "Mathetes," which appears in the third volume of Coleridge's *Friend*. De Quincey has written one work, called *Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been neglected*,* but some such title might be prefixed to a very large section of his works. Setting aside the autobiographic portions, and the essays in imaginative prose, almost all the rest is philosophic criticism of one sort or another, which may or may not impress those whose views are already formed, but cannot be otherwise than of essential service to those who are forming them. In this respect we should place De Quincey by the side of Coleridge, not as a rival in the lat-

* One would like to have seen carried out Lamb's amusing proposal of a *pendant* to this work, "Letters to an Old Gentleman whose Education has been neglected."

ter's peculiar field, but as being calculated to do for literature what Coleridge did for morals and religion, by placing our notions on a true basis and setting an example of original thought and patience of investigation which is of the very highest value.

But, after all, it is as a genial human writer, of quick sensibility, vivid imagination, and graphic acuteness of style, that we think of him most often; and it is by these qualities that he retains a hold which permits his graver matter to attach itself to the mind, and attracts it for repeated visits to the same vein of metal. We have always fancied that his disquisitions embody the sublimated essence of some of those pleasant social gatherings which occasionally take place—always impromptu, for they can never be repeated if one tries—round a winter afternoon's fire before the candles are brought in; or late at night, when they are burning down in the sockets. Such a conclave requires some feminine ingredients—cultivated, but not “strong-minded”—to prevent the talk from degenerating into politics or pedantry. Then is evolved the best sort of “social science,” while the fire smoulders or sparkles, lighting up grave countenances or flashing eyes with a fitful brilliancy, as the conversation takes a higher tone; and that degree of earnest interest is felt in the subject which induces one to pursue it for its own sake, and to express more intimate convictions and secret thoughts than one would bring one's self to utter round a brilliant dinner-table or in a formal discussion. At such times even the most reserved generally find words, and those who have the faculty of being stimulated by conversation say more and better than they could ever have done with pen and paper and unlimited time for thought. Desultory such talk must be, but not therefore superficial nor destitute of an end, and often pregnant with hints which, though the subject may never be resumed between the same speakers, may germinate and bear fruit in individual minds. To such conversations many

of us, perhaps, may look back, not only as some of the pleasantest, but as some of the most instructive hours that we have spent; and many often regret that the combination of place, time, circumstance, with minds of sufficient tact, geniality, and power, can so seldom occur. The resemblance which De Quincey's essays bear to such conversations is not the less marked for being independent of the form of dialogue. In their shifting lights and shades, in the ease of their transitions from “grave to gay,” their deep thoughts and solid veins of reasoning, precise and accurate, yet popular and clear, their relieving flashes of humor, and their susceptibility to all degrees of emotional manifestation, they are more like the product of several minds than of one, and seem to contain a variety of attractive elements which a single intellect is seldom capable of bringing into play at once. There is an *elasticity* about them which a man may perhaps feel as long as the intercourse with other minds is actually going on, but which generally deserts him soon after he has begun to put his thoughts on paper; and this peculiarity is aided in its access to the attention of the reader by the grace of a style which, apparently without effort, unites all the rhetorical attraction of a scholar-like finish to the emphasis of personal communication. In a writer who inspires kindness of feeling towards him through the mere perusal of his writings, and in the entire absence of any personal bias, there must have been something good, for which due credit should be given him, whatever may be the faults of which we are otherwise informed; and grave as the errors of De Quincey's life may have been, scarcely any, we should think, are likely to be led away by his example, while multitudes may receive benefit from that which he has bequeathed to the world of literature and intellect. Those who have themselves most successfully combated similar temptations will be most ready to make allowance for the one in consideration of the other.

From Bentley's Miscellany.
GUSTAVE AIMARD.

WHAT may be termed savage literature, always possesses a great fascination for the reader, and the few writers who have devoted themselves to that field have always secured ready perusal. Who is there among us who has not hung with breathless interest over the "Last of the Mohicans?" or followed the "Pathfinder" through the series of works that depict his adventurous career? Next came Ruxton, too soon taken from us, alas! but the few memorials he left showed how great a loss our literature suffered in him. Lastly, we have had Mayne Reid, who has his readers by tens of thousands, and whose novels are full of incident and vitality. Others have trod this field and have failed: in charity to them we will omit their names.

This literature has, hitherto, been almost indigenous to the Anglo-Americans, for no other nation has come so much in contact with the savages as those who sent forth these daring pioneers from North and South to drive the Indians further and further back from their hunting-grounds. Among Germans, the only persons who have touched on the Indians are Charles Sealsfield, in his "Cabin Book," and Kohl, who gave us his charming monogram of the Ojibbeways in his "Travels Round Lake Superior." The French had a very celebrated representative, Louis de Bellamare, better known as Gabriel Ferry, but even his deservedly great reputation, resting on his "Coureur des Bois," has paled before the rising lustre of Gustave Aimard, who is at once the French Mayne Reid and Fennimore Cooper.

Aimard's Indian tales will be found superior to those of both the above-named authors, and for very simple reasons. Although Cooper possessed a great talent for inventing a story, the misfortune is, that the scene is laid within a very confined space: he deals with only the eastern tribes, those which the Yankee element came most into collision with; and these tribes, inexorably driven back before the white man, soon lost those salient points which distinguish the savage of the western prairies. The Tuscaroras and Delawares were not lords of the land after the landing of the first pale faces; they contended inch by inch of their territory, it is true, but their opponents had the prestige of victory, and the tribes, decimated

by whiskey and white diseases, had not the energy left to resist. If they formed a confederation, it was but limited in its extent, and fell to pieces from internal dissension. Cooper was, therefore, virtually right in calling one of his books "The Last of the Mohicans," even though the scattered fragments of that race still exist beyond the Mississippi.

Mayne Reid, on the other hand, acted wisely in laying the scene of his stories among the untamable tribes of the western prairies—the Pawnees, the Apaches, and the Comanches—that haughty race which calls itself "Queen of the Prairies," and defies the white man. These tribes still lord it in the desert; they are constantly at war with the pale faces, and during the "Mexican moon" commit frightful ravages in Sonora and along the frontier. The degenerate descendants of Cortez are unable to resist them, and they spread desolation on their path. Villages, even towns, are burned, the crops are ruthlessly destroyed, and the women led into captivity, to become the slaves of the red-skin warriors. Such men, though they be savages, supply a thrilling subject for the romance writer, and Mayne Reid did well in laying the scene of his Indian tales among them.

Unfortunately, however, when you have read one of Captain Reid's stories, you have read them all, for a marvellous likeness pervades them. The feeling cannot be overcome that, having exhausted his stock of personal observation in his earlier works, he repeats himself, or is obliged to fall back on reading. Another great defect in these otherwise charming tales is the utter absence of plot: you have incidents piled on incidents, but the conclusion lies as plainly before you as the town you are travelling to on a Dutch road. It may be that Mayne Reid, having to write for a popular periodical, does not display that artistic finish of which we believe him quite capable, and that, under different circumstances, he might produce works in every way satisfactory to his readers; but there is nothing so injurious, he should remember, to a popular author than the whispered "he is writing himself out," from which some of our best writers are now suffering, simply because, having made a reputation, they do nothing on their side to support it.

The case is very different, however, with

the subject of our paper. Gustave Aimard has written some dozen Indian tales, all interesting and all unlike. The great charm of his stories is, indubitably, the vitality he manages to throw into them; and he writes with such spirit, that, while reading, you cannot but imagine that he is describing to you scenes of which he was an eye-witness. And this was very probably the case, for Aimard's life has been one which we defy the most practised romancer to out-romance. He has lived an age (for such an existence cannot be measured by years) among the savages. As adopted son of one of the most powerful Indian nations, he has fought, hunted, trapped by their side, and is thoroughly acquainted with their every ruse. But this is not all; and fortunately for his readers, he has gone through every phase of desert life. He has been in turn squatter, hunter, trapper, and miner, and has seen the mode of life of all the adventurers who traverse the Indian deserts in every direction. Twice he was led to the stake of torture by the Apaches, and only saved by a miracle: he wandered about alone for upwards of a month on the great Del Norte desert; he was a slave in one of the sacred cities of the Sun, and is probably the only European who returned alive from those gloomy caverns, where the sacred fire of Montezuma is still kept burning, carefully tended by Vestals, as in ancient Rome; he was a prisoner for a lengthened period with the cruel and treacherous Patagonians—in a word, there is not a portion of uncivilized America, North or South, which he has not traversed, with his good rifle in his hand, in defiance of the wild beasts and the still wilder and more dangerous inhabitants.

But even such a life as this would avail a man but little for literary pursuits, unless he possessed the gift of putting it in an attractive form, and this Gustave Aimard has in an eminent degree. He is endowed with all the qualities of a novelist, and while his works read so truthfully, they are of absorbing interest, owing to the clever way in which the author maintains the surprise, which is the great characteristic, even though an unworthy one, perhaps, of the successful novelist. With the first novel he produced on his return, "*Le Grand Chef des Aucas*," his reputation was established in France, and he has constantly marched to fresh tri-

umphs. Nearly every month a fresh work is produced from his prolific pen; and yet, though we have read them all with unabated interest, we have not found an instance where he has repeated them, excepting, of course, where he has found it necessary to describe Indian manners and customs, which do not vary. Many of his earlier works have reached the sixth edition, and we may safely say that he has a clientèle in Paris greater than even Paul de Kock had in his palmiest days.

It is no slight merit for a French author to achieve, that these works do not contain a single line which an English reader would wish away. M. Aimard is too truly a man to attempt corrupting the hearts and minds of his readers by high-flown sentiment; if we find fault with him at all, it is for investing his Indian characters with too much humanity, and endowing them with attributes which are generally the boast of civilization alone. But he is the best judge of such matters: he has made the Indian character the study of his life, and we may safely accept at his hands a picture which we may deem too flattering, but which, after all, may be explained by the many-sided phases human life assumes, to the skin that covers white, red, or black. If Mrs. Stowe was allowed to rehabilitate the negro in "*Uncle Tom's Cabin*," surely, no fault is to be found with Gustave Aimard because he manfully upholds the men with whom he spent so many years of his life, and whom he learnt to love and admire in spite of their faults, which are, after all, inherent in their nature.

After the fashion of Fennimore Cooper, Aimard generally selects one hero, whom he accompanies through several volumes, although they are all complete in themselves, and require no elucidatory remarks. In one series, composed of "*La Grande Flibuste*," "*La Fièvre d'Or*," and "*Curumilla*," his hero is the unfortunate Count de Raousset Boulbon, who fell a victim to Mexican ill-faith in 1848, and was shot like a dog by the governor of Sonora. His hapless fate created a sensation throughout Europe at the time, but faded away in presence of the weird political events that occupied all minds in that eventful year. Had the count been successful, he would have ranked in history by the side of Cortez and Pizarro, and his exploit of taking the fortified town of Her-

mosello, at the head of scarce three hundred men, and with no guns, has hardly been surpassed in the history of modern warfare. No better hero for a romance could have offered; and while M. Aimard has adhered rather closely to facts, he has interwoven a web of human interest by sundry love passages that take place between the count and the daughter of his great enemy, the governor of Sonora.

Among all that is good, it is difficult to choose the best, but, in our opinion, "*L'Eclaircur*" is the most successful of all M. Aimard's Indian stories, possibly because it deals more with civilization than the rest of the tales do. Perhaps our readers will not object to a short analysis of the plot, which we trust will impel them to seek the book itself.

In consequence of intrigues, Don Real de los Montes is obliged to fly from Mexico, leaving his wife and daughter in charge of his brother, Don Estevan. The latter, who has concocted the intrigue in the hope of succeeding to his brother's wealth, forces the ladies into a convent, where the mother dies, and the daughter, Doña Luisa, is immured alive in the oubliettes. Fortunately for her, her young lover, Don Leo de Torres, hears of this, breaks into the convent, carries her and a companion, Doña Laura, off, and flies into the desert. So eager, however, is Don Estevan's pursuit in order to destroy the last witness of his crime, that Don Leo is compelled to entrust the two ladies to Addick an Apache chief, who conveys them to the City of the Sun, with the intention of never giving them up again. This Addick is a double rogue, and plays with both parties for his own profit. Under these circumstances, Bon-affût, the *Eclaircur*, or scout, makes his appearance, accompanied by another Canadian hunter, Balle-franche (the hero of a previous tale), and Eagle-head, a celebrated Comanche chief. Don Estevan is captured while arranging his villainy, and his brother, Don Mariano, arrives in the desert in time to accuse him before the terrible Court of Lynch Law. He is found guilty, and unceremoniously condemned to be buried alive, with his right hand free to clutch a pistol when he grows tired of his awful position.

Don Mariano, however, relents, and gives

Balle-franche the hint to liberate him. He does so at the last moment, and receives his reward by being knocked on the head by the ungrateful villain, who makes off with his horse and joins the Apaches, to whom he consents to surrender the two ladies, on condition that none of his enemies leave the desert alive. On hearing the news from Balle-franche that Don Estevan is free, the gambusinos break up their camp at once, and hasten off in the hope of realizing the ladies before Don Estevan reaches the city.

The description of the march through the virgin forests is unique, and we would gladly quote illustrative passages, did our space permit. Suffice it to say that, after countless skirmishes with the Indians, they all arrive in sight of the Sacred City—to discover that the Apaches have reached it before them. At this moment Bon-affût appears as the *Deus ex machinâ*. Disguised as a medicine-man, and aided by Eagle-head, he manages to get into the Sacred City (the detailed description of which, by the way, is admirably done, and evidently by an eye-witness), and by stratagem, too long to describe, and would be spoiled in shortening, gets the ladies out. The Europeans fly, hotly pursued by the Indians, who are furious to avenge the sacrilege committed on their sacred ground, and the party at length enter Sonora to find the Indians before them, perpetrating the horrors of the Mexican Moon. They are beleaguered, and, after a frightful combat, are about to put an end to their lives, sooner than fall into the hands of their furious foes, when Eagle-head arrives at the head of the Comanches, and puts the Apaches to flight with immense slaughter.

This outline, naturally bald as it is, will serve to show the strong human interest of the story, and the powerful way in which it is worked out. But it would be hopeless for us to attempt to furnish any idea of the scenes that fill up the volume, and the countless delicate touches the author gives to bring out the Indian character in all its glory. We feel convinced that Eagle-head will find as many admirers as the last chief of the Mohicans, for he is quite as inexorable and chivalrous. The character of his squaw, Fleur d'Eglantine, is also most exquisitely drawn, and altogether the volume produces an effect on the reader which can-

not be described but must be felt. Whoever reads it on our recommendation, will, we feel assured, not be disappointed.

In a political point of view, these Indian tales possess considerable interest, as coming from one who has carefully studied the question. It is very remarkable to find, in the nineteenth century, that the savages, once driven back thousands of miles from the frontier of civilization by the Spanish conquistadors, are gradually regaining their ground, and forcing the Mexicans to retire in their turn. Large districts, once covered by haciendas, have now been regained to the desert; the presidios built to keep the invader at bay, have been ruined, and there is nothing to check the advance of the prairie Indians save their own desire to return home, after completing a successful raid, and enjoying the spoils. With the Americans advancing to the east and south, the savages on the west and north, Mexico must inevitably be swallowed up between them, and the great contest will commence. As to the result, M. Aimard feels sanguine, for he has a most hearty detestation of the Yankees, which would have gladdened the heart of Dr. Johnson, who so liked a good hater, but we are inclined to shake our heads in doubt. We concede all that M. Aimard urges, that the prairie Indians have formed a grand confederation, and are under military organization (we wonder whether French adventurers have a hand in this), and we are fully aware how long the conquest of the Seminoles, led by Osceola, took the Americans. But when such a country as Mexico was the stake, the whole of Yankeedom would take up arms. North and South would forget their quarrels for the prospect of annexing so fertile a territory, and we can hardly expect that a few thousand Indians, however brave and well organized, could long withstand the combined efforts of the republic, that "colossus with the feet of clay," as Gustave Aimard terms it.

But, putting this question aside, there is another and more cheerful aspect under which we may regard the great and deserved success of Aimard's Indian tales. It indicates that the reign of frivolity and immorality which has so long weighed down French literature is drawing to an end, and that a taste for healthier reading is being produced. During the last few years French authors have disgraced their brethren by the trash with which they supplied the European book-mart; and it was a sad sign of the times when such a book as "Fanny" could run through twenty editions, having nothing to recommend it but one highly wrought scene, which the well-regulated mind turned from with disgust. The result has been that French books, than which none are more amusing or artistic when kept within bounds, have been expelled from English drawing-rooms, or, at any rate, concealed under sofa squabs. But this is a pity, for the good books suffer for the bad, and we may recommend for perusal, next to Aimard's novels, those which Messrs. Hachette publish periodically in their railway library. These we are glad to see making their way slowly into our booksellers' shop windows and on to the railway stalls, and so long as their quality is maintained they may be safely recommended. And that it will be so we may feel assured Messrs. Hachette will take good care.

We hope, too, to see Aimard's books soon ranking by their side, for they deserve to be read in the original. We observe, however, that a translation of some of them is announced, and we presume that the series will follow. That they are healthy reading we have already said; that they are deeply interesting does not admit of a doubt; and that they are decidedly the best of their sort is the opinion we entertain, and which we believe our readers will confirm when they have compared them with other works of the same nature offered them before.

A NEW work by Lieutenant Maury, on the "Physical Geography and Meteorology of the Sea," being an enlargement of the author's former work, "The Physical Geography of the Sea," with maps, diagrams, and illustrations, is announced by Messrs. Sampson Low and Co.

THE collected works of Madame Emile de Girardin, in six volumes, are about being brought out by Henri Plon, Paris, in an "Edition de Luxe." The fourth and fifth volumes, will contain the "Lettres Parisiennes," and the last the dramatic works

From The Westminster Review.

ALCOHOL: WHAT BECOMES OF IT IN
THE LIVING BODY? *

Du Rôle de l'Alcool et des Anesthésiques dans l'Organisme, Recherches Expérimentales. Par Ludger Lallemand et Maurice Perrin, Médecins-Majors, Professeurs Agrégés à l'Ecole Impériale de Médecine et de Pharmacie Militaires; et J. L. P. Duroy, Membre de la Société de Pharmacie de Paris. Avec 10 figures intercalées dans le texte. Paris, 1860.

NOTWITHSTANDING that so much has been said and written upon the *modus operandi* of alcohol and alcoholic drinks on the living organism, the experimental inquiries which have been undertaken with the view of determining what becomes of this agent, when it has been received into the stomach or injected into the blood-current, have been few and by no means satisfactory. By far the most complete were those of Dr. Percy, executed more than twenty years ago, of which an account was given in his Prize Thesis; † but so little have Dr. Percy's researches become known beyond a very limited circle, that we have never seen them referred to, save at second-hand, by any Continental writers; and his clear and definite results seem to have been almost entirely ignored by subsequent experimenters, none of whom, previously to the inquiry of which the details are recorded in the volume before us, had even approached the success which he obtained.

Dr. Percy's investigations, which were made partly upon the human subject, but chiefly upon dogs, were directed, in the first instance, to test the statement of Dr. Ogston, of Aberdeen, that in cases of death from alcoholic poisoning, the fluid effused into the ventricles of the brain occasionally

contains alcohol. He very properly refused to rely upon the mere odor or inflammability of the effused fluid as an evidence of its alcoholic character; and rested his conclusion as to the presence of alcohol on his ability to procure by distillation a sufficient quantity of liquid which should give, when treated with sub-carbonate of potass, a stratum whose alcoholic character was indicated, not only by its inflammability, but by its power of dissolving camphor. Having introduced alcohol into the stomachs of several dogs, sometimes in quantity sufficient to produce immediate death, in other cases in such dilution as only to produce the ordinary phenomena of alcoholic intoxication, he found no difficulty in extracting alcohol, not merely from their blood, but also from the substance of the brain, although he was unable to detect it in the fluid effused into its ventricles; and he distinctly states that the proportion obtainable from the brain is larger than that yielded by an equivalent amount of blood, so that (as he remarks) "it would almost seem that a kind of affinity existed between alcohol and the cerebral matters." He further obtained alcohol from the substance of the liver and from bile, from which (he says "it may be separated with great facility;" and he also detected it unmistakably in the urine, both of the dog and of man, although two of the highest contemporary authorities, Berzelius and Müller, had most explicitly denied the fact of its passage into that excretion. Dr. Percy further showed that when alcohol is introduced into the current of the circulation, it occasions death, not, as stated by Orfila, by coagulating the blood, but in virtue of its specific effect upon the nervous centres. And his experiments afford strong ground for the conclusion, that, except in those cases in which the introduction of a sufficient quantity of concentrated alcohol into the stomach acts through its nerves, like a blow upon the epigastrium, so as to produce a *shock* to the nervous centres, the effect is due to the absorption of the alcohol, and to its conveyance in substance to the organ on which its peculiar influence is exerted. Familiar as we have since become with this idea, it is one which was at that time very commonly regarded as hypothetical; and we regard Dr. Percy's demonstration as having contributed not a little to the general acceptance it has since met with.

* Our readers who recollect the views expressed in an article entitled "The Physiological Errors of Teetotalism," which we published in July, 1855, will observe that they differ widely from those put forward in the present article. Since the date of our former article, scientific research has brought to light important facts which necessarily modify the opinions we then expressed concerning the rôle of alcohol in the animal body. Faithful to the revelations of science, rather than mindful of consistency, we hasten to lay before our readers the last results of a long and laborious series of experiments bearing on the subject in question.—*Editor.*

† "An Experimental Inquiry concerning the presence of Alcohol in the Ventricles of the Brain, after poisoning by that liquid; together with Experiments illustrative of the Physiological Action of Alcohol. London and Edinburgh. 1839."

If these results had been more extensively known, and had been more fully appreciated, we doubt if the Liebigian doctrine of the *alimentary* value of alcohol would have been so generally admitted as it has been both by the supporters and by the opponents of the habitual use of alcoholic beverages. On the one hand it has been urged that alcohol, though not entitled to be regarded as a tissue-forming material, is nevertheless a very efficient calorifying agent; whilst on the other it has been maintained that whatever may be its value as a calorifying agent, it should be excluded from ordinary use in favor of other substances which do not (like it) exert a decidedly prejudicial influence on the system when taken in even small excess. Yet no proof of any kind was adduced by Liebig that alcohol is eliminated from the blood, when it has been received into the current of the circulation, by a combusive process; the fact of such elimination having been taken for granted as a deduction from the eminently combusive nature of this substance, which would render it (as it was supposed) pre-eminently disposed to change itself into water and carbonic acid, when brought into relation with alcohol in the capillaries of the lungs. It might have been urged on the other side, that the fact of alcohol being eliminated without change by the biliary and urinary excretions, to say nothing of its less certain but still probable passage in substance into the pulmonary and cutaneous exhalation (as indicated by the alcoholic odor continually observable in the breath and sometimes in the perspiration of those who have imbibed any considerable amount of alcoholic fluids), furnishes a strong argument against the assumption that it undergoes a combusive process like articles of food and their derivatives; since we know of no proper alimentary substance which is cast out unchanged from the system by the excretory processes, except when (as in diabetes and albuminuria) there is some derangement in the organic functions. We are not aware, however, that this argument was ever explicitly advanced; and the general opinion seems to have been, that alcohol would only thus find its way into the tissues and excretions, when received into the circulating current more rapidly than it could be eliminated through the lungs by the combusive process.

Modern science, however, takes nothing for granted, but requires the precise determination, step by step, of every point as to which a question can possibly be raised; and its more exact method of reasoning has caused it to become apparent, that so long as no proof can be afforded that alcohol is got rid of by a combusive process, so long the probability is decidedly the other way. It is obvious that no certain indications can be drawn from the study of the respiratory products; since, of the water which is exhaled in the breath we have no direct means of determining how much has been formed by the combusive process, and how much is mere transudation; and of the carbonic acid it is impossible to say whether it is the product of the combustion of alcohol, or of that of the hydrocarbons (sugar and fat) ordinarily present in the blood. Several experimenters have noticed a diminution in the amount of carbonic acid exhaled after the ingestion of alcoholic beverages; and this has been generally accounted for on the supposition, that as hydrogen bears to carbon a much larger proportion in alcohol than it does in the ordinary hydrocarbons of the blood, a larger proportion of the inspired oxygen will be converted by the combusive process into water, and a smaller proportion into carbonic acid,—an explanation which might be accepted if it were proved that alcohol actually undergoes the combusive process, but which obviously can afford no support to the assumption which is really its basis. And the more recent researches of Dr. Edward Smith have shown that the several kinds of alcoholic liquids exert very different effects upon the exhalation of carbonic acid; its quantity being increased in various degrees by the ingestion of alcohol, rum, sherry wine, and good malt liquors; whilst it is diminished by brandy and gin; different samples of whiskey affording diverse results.

Another method of research, however, has been devised for the determination of this question; that, namely, of endeavoring to ascertain if any of those *derivatives* of alcohol can be detected in the blood, the presence of which would indicate that it undergoes gradational oxidation. The first of the derivatives formed by the agency of oxidizing substances on alcohol, is known as *aldehyde*; this is alcohol *minus* two equivalents of hy-

drogen, which have united with oxygen to form water. The second of these derivatives, which results from a further process of oxidation, is *acetic acid*; in which substance the two equivalents of hydrogen thus removed to form water, are replaced by two additional equivalents of oxygen. Now, MM. Bouchardat and Sandras,* whilst maintaining that alcohol is ordinarily "burned off" by respiration, so as at once to form water and carbonic acid, thought that they had occasionally discovered the presence, in the vapor expired from the lungs, of small quantities of alcohol, and of acetic acid as a derivative from it. They attributed the death of animals poisoned by alcohol to its greed of oxygen, which (according to them) so completely abstracts it from the other constituents of the blood, that the effect is the same as if the animals were asphyxiated by being plunged in an atmosphere containing no oxygen. More recently M. Duchek† has essayed to prove that alcohol introduced into the circulation is first changed into aldehyde, then into acetic acid, and then gives rise to the formation of oxalic acid, before being finally disposed of in the form of carbonic acid and water. If this were unmistakably proved, it would doubtless afford a very strong argument in favor of the combusive theory; but M. Duchek seems to have been so strongly possessed with the Liebigian doctrine that alcohol is food, as to have limited himself to one side of the inquiry, and to have accepted as conclusive evidence in his favor, indications whose validity needed to be carefully examined by a greater variety of tests. His conclusions were soon called in question by Buckheim, a higher authority on a matter of this kind;‡ who pointed out that Duchek really adduced no sufficient proof of the presence of aldehyde in the blood of animals poisoned by alcohol, and that the probability is very strong against the assumption. He determined with certainty the presence of alcohol in the condensed respiratory products and in the urine, both in the case of dogs and in that of two men; on the other hand, he failed to

detect either the acetic or the oxalic acid, whose presence either in the blood or in the excretions would indicate a further metamorphosis of alcohol within the system.

Such was the condition of the question when it was taken up by the authors of the remarkable work before us; who state that they have been led to the inquiry into the effects of alcohol on the living body, by the study (in which they have been for several years engaged) of the *modus operandi* of anæsthetic agents. Having invented a method of detecting the presence of chloroform in the blood and in the tissues of the body, they had succeeded in proving that when this agent is inhaled it is received in substance into the blood, and is conveyed to the brain, from which it may be extracted after death; whilst, on the other hand, if the inhalation of the vapor be suspended, the chloroform is rapidly eliminated from the system, not by a combusive process, but by passing in substance into the pulmonary exhalation. Encouraged by these results, they desired to extend the same method of inquiry not merely to other anæsthetic agents, but also to various substances which had more or less of affinity to them; and they naturally turned their attention in the first instance to alcohol, the relation of which to the ordinary anæsthetics is the closest both in its chemical composition and in its physiological action.

In their earlier researches they employed, like Dr. Percy, the method of distillation and condensation as a means of detecting the presence of alcohol; and apparently in ignorance of what he had long before demonstrated, they proved, as he had done, that alcohol received into the stomach is absorbed into the blood, and is withdrawn from it into the substance of the nervous centres. They then applied the same method to the search for alcohol in the exhalation from the lungs; causing two men, of whom each had taken brandy, to expire through an apparatus fitted to condense the vapor of the breath; and then distilling the liquor so obtained. The results were entirely negative, not a trace of alcohol being detected in the product of distillation. It fortunately happened, however, that they had placed at the extremity of the apparatus a tube containing a solution of bichromate of potass in sulphuric acid,—a red liquor which is turned to an

* "De la Digestion des Boissons Alcooliques, et de leur rôle dans la Nutrition," in *Annales de Chimie et de Physique*. 1847. Tom. XXI.

† "Über das Verhalten des Alkohols in thierischen Organismus," in *Vierteljahrs-Schrift für die praktische Heilkunde*. Prag. 1833.

‡ *Lehrbuch der Arzneimittellehre*, p. 103.

emerald green by the presence of certain organic compounds, the chromic acid being decomposed and reduced to the condition of green oxide of chromium;—and they observed that the expired air, after the separation of its watery vapor, rapidly effected this conversion as it passed through the tube. Profiting by this suggestion, they applied themselves to the determination of the value of their new test; and having ascertained in the first place, that persons who had taken no alcohol for some hours previously might expire for any length of time through the solution without producing the least discoloration of it, they were justified in concluding that such discoloration indicated the presence either of alcohol or of some of its derivatives in the expired air. A careful series of experiments was next made for the purpose of ascertaining whether aldehyde is present in the blood of animals that have received alcohol into their stomachs; and although no difficulty was experienced in detecting aldehyde in the blood when it had itself been administered, not the least trace of it could be found after the administration of alcohol. Evidence was obtained, that when alcohol remains sufficiently long in the stomach, a trifling amount of it is converted into acetic acid under the influence of the ferment contained in the gastric juice; and traces of acetic acid were occasionally found in the blood; but as such traces may be detected also when no alcohol has been taken, provided that the food contains starchy or saccharine components, there is an entire absence of evidence that alcohol goes through a conversion into acetic acid in the course of its circulation with the blood-current. Further, when the blood or the cerebral substance of animals poisoned by alcohol, was subjected to the chromic test, the indications which it afforded were in precise accordance with the proof obtained, by the distillation of actual alcohol, of its presence in those parts of their bodies. The value of this test, as employed under proper precautions, having thus been conclusively established, and its delicacy having been shown to be far greater than that of the separation of alcohol by distillation, our authors availed themselves of this new process to carry out a fresh inquiry into the mode in which alcohol is disposed of when introduced into the stomach of a living animal.

Modern chemistry makes great use, in quantitative analysis, of what is termed the "method of volumes." Formerly, when a re-agent was employed to throw down from its solution some substance whose amount had been determined, it was the precipitate that was carefully collected and weighed, no account being taken of the quantity of the re-agent that was required for its production. But it is now found to be far more easy, and (with due precaution) not less accurate, to employ a test-liquid of a certain known strength, and to estimate the amount of the substance which it is employed to detect, by the quantity of it that may be required for the complete precipitation of that substance. This method, with a difference arising out of the nature of the case, was found applicable in the use of the chromic test for alcohol. A solution of bichromate of potass in sulphuric acid was prepared of a certain known strength, and a definite measure of it was put into a glass tube of fixed diameter. When air containing alcoholic vapor was passed through this, conversion of its red hue to emerald-green afforded a definite standard of comparison; and one tube being substituted after another, as the conversion became complete in each, until no further change could be perceived, the proportional amount of alcohol-vapor given off in different experiments was readily determinable by the total quantity of the solution thus changed; whilst the time required for the conversion, the quantity of air passed through the tube being the same, gave the measure of the proportion of alcohol vapor existing in the air—a measure which was exceedingly ready and useful in the application of this process to the detection of alcohol in the products of respiration. Thus, in one of the experiments, a man having taken at breakfast a *litre* of red wine containing ten per cent of alcohol, and his meal having terminated at 10 1-2 A.M., his breath was found at noon and at 1 P.M. to convert a centimetre of the test-liquid in *two* minutes; at 2 P.M., in *four* minutes; at 4 P.M., in *ten* minutes; and at 5 P.M., in *fifteen* minutes; whilst at 6 P.M., after fifteen minutes, the color was but partially changed, and at 7 P.M., no conversion whatever took place; the gradual diminution, and the period of the entire cessation, of the elimination of alcohol by pulmonary exhalation being thus

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very definitely indicated. So, again, the urine of the same subject being submitted to the chromic-test at similar intervals, it was found that whilst sixty grammes of that excretion passed at midday gave of alcoholic vapor enough to change the color of sixteen cubic centimètres of the test-liquor; the same quantity passed at 2 P.M., produced the like effect on fifteen cubic centimètres; at 4 P.M., on twelve; at 6 P.M., on ten; at 8 P.M., on four; at 10 P.M., on one; whilst that passed at midnight gave but a very faint trace of the characteristic reaction.

It is not only, however, by the lungs and by the kidneys that the progressive elimination of alcohol is thus shown to be effected; for the application of the same method of research has enabled our authors to detect the presence of alcohol in the vapor exhaled from the skin of a dog in a state of alcoholic intoxication. And they have further been able to trace the passage of alcohol circulating in the blood-current into all the tissues of the body,—the liver and the brain, however, being the parts in which it most tends to accumulate. It is not a little curious that the proportions obtainable from these two organs should differ notably, according as the alcohol has been taken into the stomach and absorbed through the portal system (which will bring it into direct relation with the substance of the liver) into the general circulation, or as it has been at once introduced into the general circulation by direct injection. In the former case, the proportion of alcohol obtainable from a given weight of blood being represented by 1·00, the proportions yielded by the same weights of brain and liver were 1·34 and 1·48 respectively. But in the latter, the proportion obtainable from a given weight of blood being still represented by 1·00, the proportions yielded by the same weights of brain and liver were 3·00 and 1·75 respectively. In either case, the proportion obtainable from muscular flesh was much less than that yielded by the blood.

Experiments of this kind, repeated and varied in divers modes, seem to leave no doubt whatever, that not only is alcohol separated from the blood by the tissues of the body, especially the substance of the brain and of the liver, but that the excretory organs are continually engaged in its elimination, even when the quantity introduced into

the system has been but small; and that the larger the quantity of alcohol introduced into the system, the longer is the period required for its entire removal from the circulating current. From these experiments our authors think themselves justified in drawing the conclusion, that alcohol undergoes no combusive action in the living body, but that the whole of what is ingested is excreted unchanged; so that this substance has no claim whatever to rank among articles of food, but must be placed in the category of those medicinal or toxic agents, whose presence in the living body exerts an important influence on its functions, though they do not themselves enter into combination with any of its components. They readily admit that they have not succeeded in reproducing in any instance from the excretory products the whole amount of the alcohol introduced into the system; but they very justly urge that such a demonstration cannot fairly be exacted, all circumstances considered; and that all the evidence which the nature of the case admits, points in one direction. For there is on the one hand, an entire absence of positive evidence that alcohol is eliminated from the system by a combusive process; whilst the assumption that it is so eliminated is opposed to the fact that none of the derivatives of alcohol are detectable in the blood, although the presence of either of them would be recognized without difficulty if it were really there; and is rendered still more improbable by the length of time during which alcohol can be shown to remain in the body, even when ingested in small quantities. On the other hand we have the positive evidence afforded by the detection of alcohol in the pulmonary and cutaneous exhalations and in the urinary excretion, in quantities at first considerable, but gradually diminishing with the increase of the interval, until (as parallel analyses of the blood and of the tissues indicate) there is reason to believe that this substance has been entirely removed from the system. Our authors justly lay stress on the fact that it is not the mere excess of alcohol, which the system cannot profitably use up, that finds its way into the excretions; for they detected alcohol in the urine of a man within half an hour after he had taken no more than thirty grammes (463 grains) of brandy; and in the case already cited, the

ingestion of only a litre (or ordinary bottle) of weak wine gave rise to a continued elimination of alcohol by the lungs during eight hours, and by the kidneys during fourteen hours. A very striking proof of the length of time during which alcohol remains unmodified in the system, after being ingested in any considerable amount, is afforded by the fact that it was found in abundance in the brain, liver, and blood of a vigorous man, who died of the remote results of alcoholic poisoning *thirty-two hours* after drinking a litre of brandy, notwithstanding the early use of emetics and other remedial means.

If, then, we refrain from adopting our authors' conclusion as a demonstrated fact, we feel justified in admitting its claim (until any opposing data shall have been furnished by fresh inquiries) to as firm a basis of probability as that on which has been erected the greater part of the existing fabric of physiological doctrine. Doubtless the advocates of the "food" hypothesis will be both able and ready to show the insufficiency of the proofs on the strength of which that hypothesis is now pronounced to be fallacious: the candid inquirer, however, will not test the validity of the new doctrine by its accordance with one to which he has been long accustomed to give an unquestioning assent, but will rather turn his thoughts to the claims which the latter has upon his acceptance, and will examine if these are really such as to demand his negation of the strong probabilities that can be urged on the other side. A very good rule in all such cases is to make the old and the new doctrine change places, admitting the new one, *pro tempore*, to the place which the old one has long held, and then considering whether, if the old one were now advanced for the first time, it would be able to establish any claim to reception. To us it appears perfectly clear that if the minds of physiologists had been in the first instance thoroughly imbued with the important facts adduced by the authors of the work before us, as to the progressive elimination of alcohol in substance from the living body by each of three principal emunctories provided for the purification of the blood, they would have at once rejected as a baseless assumption the notion that alcohol undergoes a process of combustion in the body and is en-

titled to take rank as an alimentary material. If this be really so, this is surely the attitude which, on a fair balance of the evidence now before them, they are bound to assume in regard to this important question.

It is not requisite for us to follow our authors through their detailed inquiry into the pathology of alcoholic poisoning, since they do not add any thing of importance to what was previously known on the subject, and their general result is in accordance with what has been commonly taught by physiologists and toxicologists in this country; namely, that alcohol in large doses exerts a specific influence, analogous to that of other narcotic poisons, upon the nervous centres; and that death results from the suspension of the respiratory movements, the heart continuing to beat for some time after these have ceased. The most important new fact which they have substantiated, is that of the presence of globules of fat distinguishable by the naked eye as brilliant points, floating on the surface of the blood drawn from animals in a state of alcoholic intoxication. That such a change should be produced by the ingestion of a single dose of alcohol is not a little remarkable, and fully confirms the statements of those pathologists who assert that the habitual excessive use of alcoholic drinks produces such a notable increase in the fatty matter of the blood, as altogether to pervert the constitution of the nutritive fluid. We may here mention that the same effect is produced on the blood by the anæsthetic agents, chloroform, sulphuric ether, and amylene; and it disappears, as do the other phenomena of intoxication, when (as is shown by chemical tests) the blood has been freed by the excretory processes from the presence of the toxic agent.

The second part of this valuable treatise is devoted to a similar inquiry into the *modus operandi* of anæsthetic agents; chloroform, sulphuric ether, and amylene being specially investigated. As in the case of alcohol, the first object was to devise an exact method of recognizing the presence and estimating the amount of these substances in the vapors raised from the blood, the tissues, or the excretions of animals which had been subjected to their influence.

In the case of chloroform (which is a compound of chlorine, hydrogen, and carbon)

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advantage was taken of the change which its vapor undergoes when passed through a red-hot porcelain tube in contact with common air; the products of its decomposition being hydrochloric acid (the quantity of which is readily estimated by causing its vapor to pass through a solution of nitrate of silver, the amount of the precipitate of chloride of silver thus produced affording the measure of the amount of chloroform which had been subjected to the process), chloride of carbon which is deposited in crystals, and carbonic acid and chlorine which are set free. It was ascertained that no effect was produced upon the testing apparatus, when vaporized air was transmitted through it from the blood and tissues of animals to which chloroform had not been given, whilst the addition of a minute quantity of chloroform to these substances immediately gave the anticipated results; and when the blood and tissues of animals killed by the inhalation of chloroform were subjected to the same process, very decided evidence was obtained that it had been received into the circulation, and diffused through the body. Its special affinity for the substance of the brain was found to be even more remarkable than that of alcohol; the proportional amounts yielded by equivalent quantities of blood and of cerebral tissue being 1.00 and 3.92 parts respectively, whilst the liver yielded 2.08 parts, and the muscular substance generally 0.16 parts. The brain and liver, moreover, seemed to hold it more tenaciously than the blood; as it could be detected in those organs after it had disappeared from the blood. In the case of animals rendered temporarily insensible by the inhalation of chloroform, it was ascertained by the comparative examination of blood drawn during the state of insensibility, and of blood drawn when consciousness and motor power had returned, that the recovery from that state is coincident with the complete removal of chloroform from the blood. This removal is chiefly effected by the exhalation of its vapor from the lungs; the presence of chloroform being distinctly discoverable by the means already indicated in the breath of animals that are under its influence, but ceasing to be thus traceable at a much earlier period than the vapor of alcohol, as might be anticipated from the much more speedy supervention of recovery after the inhalation of chloroform than after

alcoholic intoxication. Traces of chloroform are to be found also in the products of the cutaneous exhalation; but this substance has not been detected in the urine.

The mode of detecting sulphuric ether, is the same as that employed for the detection of alcohol; and as the result is not different in the two cases, this test does not serve to distinguish one of these substances from the other. But as there is no reason whatever to suppose that alcohol can be changed into ether, or ether into alcohol, in the living body, the reduction of the green oxide of chromium may be safely attributed to the presence of alcoholic vapor when alcohol has been administered, and to that of ether-vapor when ether has been administered. Tested in this manner, the blood and the tissues of the body generally were found to be impregnated with ether, in animals killed by its inhalation, the proportions yielded by the substance of the brain and of the liver being respectively 3.25 and 2.25 to 1.00 proportional yielded by an equivalent quantity of blood, whilst the tissue of the muscles yielded only 0.25. The elimination of ether from the system is effected, like that of chloroform, chiefly by the lungs, and in a slight degree by the skin; but it is also shared by the kidneys, ether having been detected in small quantity in the urine.

Amylene is another substance allied to the preceding in chemical composition (though consisting of carbon and hydrogen only) and having very similar physiological effects; but as it is with difficulty obtained pure (although the fusel oil from which it is procured is abundant in the refuse of distilleries), and is much less manageable than either ether or chloroform, it cannot be used with advantage as an anæsthetic agent. Our authors, however, included it in their inquiry; and they were able to substantiate by chemical tests the same general facts in regard to its passage into the blood and its diffusion through the body, as they had previously demonstrated in regard to ether and chloroform. The proportion yielded by the blood and by the substance of the liver was here the same; but the substance of the brain gave twice as much, whilst only a trace could be detected in the muscles. The recovery from the state of insensibility, when the inhalation of amylene has not been carried too far, takes place with peculiar rapid-

ity; and this seems due to its very rapid elimination by the lungs, the breath being strongly impregnated with its peculiar garlicky odor.

Thus we see that there is a perfect accordance between alcohol and the anæsthetic agents in what chemists would term their "behavior" in the living system. When alcohol is taken into the stomach, it is absorbed into the general current of the circulation and is carried by it to every tissue and organ of the body. In the tissues generally only feeble traces of its presence can be detected; but it fastens on the substance of the brain and of the liver by a peculiar "elective affinity," so as to be yielded by these in far larger proportion than by an equivalent amount of blood. Precisely the same is the case with chloroform, ether, and amylene, when they are introduced into the current of the circulation by inhalation through the lungs; the elective affinity of the first two of these for the brain and liver being somewhat stronger than that of alcohol, whilst that of the third is weaker. From the time when alcohol and the anæsthetics have been introduced into the circulation, the system commences to free itself from them, by setting in action the three great eliminating apparatuses, the lungs, the skin, and the kidneys. The most volatile of these substances are got rid of most rapidly (as might have been anticipated) by exhalation from the lungs, the skin also slightly assisting; and coincidently with their removal from the blood, their physiological effects pass off likewise. Partly, it would seem, from their insolubility in water, but chiefly, perhaps, owing to the short duration of their sojourn in the body, these highly volatile substances do not find their way in any quantity into the urine. A much greater length of time is required, however, for the removal of alcohol from the body, partly through its inferior volatility, but chiefly (as it seems to us) because the ingestion of a much larger quantity is required to produce any decided perversion of the nervous functions; and the duration of that perversion is accordingly prolonged. Further, alcohol being readily miscible with water, and its sojourn in the body without change being protracted for many hours, it passes into the urinary excretion, which becomes, in fact, one of the principal channels of its elimina-

tion, an important part, however, being still performed by the lungs, and the skin being by no means inactive.

The striking accordance which has thus been shown to exist in every fundamental particular between alcohol and the anæsthetics,—the differences in their behavior being only of a secondary character, and being obviously referrible to their chemical and physical properties,—must surely be regarded as most strikingly confirmatory of the position taken up by the authors of this treatise in antagonism to the Liebigian doctrine that alcohol is food. For there is not a single point of difference in their actions, which can justify their being placed in different categories. Their physiological effects in large doses are essentially the same. Their special affinity for the substance of the brain and of the liver is a most striking point of conformity. Whether alcohol be taken into the stomach, or the vapor of chloroform or ether be inhaled through the lungs, no sooner has it been received into the circulating current, than it is treated as a substance altogether foreign to the body, which is to be removed by the excretory organs as rapidly as possible. Those organs continue to eliminate it, until the blood has been entirely freed from it; and then, but not till then, its perverting influence upon the nervous functions ceases to be manifested. There is no more evidence of alcohol being in any way utilized in the body, than there is in regard to ether or chloroform. If alcohol is to be still designated as *food*, we must extend the meaning of that term so as to make it comprehend not only ether and chloroform, but all medicines and poisons,—in fact every thing which can be swallowed and absorbed, however foreign it may be to the normal constitution of the body, and however injurious to its functions. On the other hand, from no definition that can be framed of a *poison*, which should include those more powerful anæsthetic agents whose poisonous character has been unfortunately too clearly manifested in a great number of instances, can alcohol be fairly shut out.

If this view be adopted, and the "food" hypothesis be put aside, the question naturally arises as to the nature of the influence exerted by alcohol on the living system when taken habitually as an article of diet, and especially as to the power which it seems to

possess of replacing food when the supply of the latter is deficient,—a power which has been freely conceded to it by some of those who have argued most strongly for “total abstinence” as the teaching of an enlightened physiology in regard to such as are placed (or can place themselves) in the conditions most favorable to health. Here, again, the more exact methods of modern scientific research have given us a clue, which, without leading us to the complete elucidation of the mystery, seems to afford definite guidance towards its discovery. When food is deficient, the body loses substance and power, day by day, from the progressive “wasting” of the tissues; and if means can be found to retard that process, a quantity of food otherwise insufficient may serve to sustain the powers of the system. Now there is evidence that such is the mode in which small and repeated doses of alcohol exert an influence, which for the time at any rate is beneficial, under such privations. The subject has of late attracted much attention in Germany, where various series of researches have been prosecuted with the view of ascertaining the comparative influence of alcohol, tea, coffee, and tobacco, when the body is normally supplied with food, and when food is partially withheld: of which researches a useful summary is given by Dr. T. King Chambers, in the British and Foreign Medico-Chirurgical Review for October, 1854, and in the chapter on “Arresters of Metamorphosis,” in his work on Digestion and its Derangements. More recently an inquiry of the same kind has been carried out by a young American physician, Dr. Hammond;* and as, from our personal knowledge of him, we are inclined to feel great confidence in his results, we are glad to take this opportunity of making them more generally known.

Dr. Hammond's inquiries were directed to the three following objects:—

“1. To observe the effects of alcohol upon a system in which the weight of the body was maintained at a *nearly uniform standard* by a sufficiency of food.

“2. To ascertain its influence upon an organism in which a *loss of weight* was taking place from deficiency of food.

“3. To determine its action upon an or-

* American Journal of the Medical Sciences, October, 1856.

ganism which was *gaining weight* by excess of nutriment.”

Now to determine the first point, Dr. Hammond, having ascertained that his system was in the required condition of balance, and having determined on the one hand the weight of food required to maintain it, on the other that of the various products of excretion, continued precisely the same diet and mode of life for five days, with the addition of four drachms of alcohol diluted with an equal quantity of water at each meal. At the end of this time Dr. Hammond found that he had increased in weight something less than half a pound, owing to a diminution in the amount of the excretory products; this diminution being especially marked in the carbonic acid expired from the lungs, and in the solid matters of the urine. The general health was somewhat disturbed, there being headache and increased heat of skin; the mental faculties were not so clear as when no alcohol was taken; and there was an indisposition to any kind of exertion, with less constancy of the appetite.

The administration of alcohol was then repeated with such a diminution in the amount of food as had previously been ascertained to cause a diminution of weight at the rate of more than a quarter of a pound per day; and the very remarkable result was obtained, that during the five days through which this experiment was continued, there was not merely a cessation of that diminution, but a positive slight increase of weight, which was chiefly owing, as before, to the diminution of the carbonic acid exhaled from the lungs, and of the solid matters excreted in the urine. And it is worthy of note that the amount thus added to the weight of the body by the doses of alcohol taken, considerably exceeded the aggregate amount of those doses; the gain being altogether above a pound and a half, whilst the whole weight of the alcohol taken was not a third of that amount. It must obviously, therefore, have done something more than simply replace food. The general condition of his system is stated by Dr. Hammond to have been never better than during this experiment.

He then tried the effects of the same doses of alcohol when the system was gaining weight from excess of food and he

found, as before, that the products of excretion were diminished, so that a further increase in weight took place. During the five days through which this experiment was continued, the general health was much disordered; there being constant headache, disturbed sleep, and hot skin, with quick, full, and bounding pulse.

As the general result of his experiments, Dr. Hammond concludes that when the food is *sufficient* for the requirements of the system, alcohol is injurious, by exciting the circulation, and tending to induce a plethoric habit of body,—its influence in this respect, being the same as that of an excessive amount of food; and still more injurious effects are of course produced when the food is in *excess*. When the supply of food, however, is *insufficient* to maintain the vigor of the system, the beneficial effect of alcohol in limiting the waste of the body is considered by Dr. Hammond to stand in marked contrast to its pernicious influence in the preceding cases.

"The use of alcohol, in moderation," (he remarks) "cannot therefore be either exclusively approved or exclusively condemned. The laboring man, who can hardly procure bread and meat enough to preserve the balance between the formation and decay of his tissues, finds here an agent which, within the limits of health, enables him to dispense with a certain amount of food, and yet keeps up the strength and weight of its body. On the other hand, he who uses alcohol when his food is more than sufficient to supply the waste of tissue, and at the same time does not increase the amount of his physical exercise, or drink an additional quantity of water (by which the decay of tissue would be accelerated), retards the metamorphosis, while an increased amount of nutriment is being assimilated, and thus adds to the plethoric condition of the system, which excessive food so generally induces."

With regard, however, to inferences founded on the results of the foregoing and similar experiments continued for a short time only, we think it necessary to interpose a caution, based on the recent inquiries of Dr. Edward Smith as to the influence of various dietetic and other conditions on the excretion of urea. For (as we have learned from himself) although a marked alteration is generally produced by almost any change in diet, *for a few days*, this alteration pro-

gressively disappears, and the previous average is soon restored. Still we are disposed to believe, with the authors of the work which has given occasion to our renewed discussion of this subject, that the retardation of the metamorphosis of tissue indicated by the experiments just cited, is the true *rationale* of the results of a large experience, in regard, on the one hand, to the power which even small doses of alcohol seem to have of replacing food when this is deficient (as in the well-known case of Captain Bligh and his companions), and on the other, to the special influence which they seem to exert in restraining the waste of the nervous system, under the wear and tear of continued anxiety or prolonged intellectual tension. But it is quite another question whether alcohol can be habitually employed with advantage for either of these purposes, without in the end doing more harm than good. If it be true, as modern dynamical science decidedly indicates, that the amount of force capable of being put forth by the system is proportionate to the amount of tissue that undergoes metamorphosis, we should expect that although the immediate effect of alcoholic stimulation may be to excite the nervo-muscular system to extraordinary effort, yet that a continuance of such effort would be far less efficiently sustained with inadequate aliment *plus* alcohol, than it is with adequate food combined with abstinence from alcoholic drinks; and this seems to accord with the verdict of a large experience as to the matter of fact. In particular, it is well known to those who have made inquiries amongst men engaged in very laborious employments at high temperatures, that whatever the men may drink in the intervals of their work, they cannot take alcoholic drinks whilst actually engaged in it, without such a decided loss of power as quite unfits them for its performance. As Dr. T. King Chambers well remarks, "metamorphosis of tissue is *life* or an inseparable part of life;" and while it may be decidedly advantageous to prevent the body from living too fast, and thus being worn out by its own energy, it is absurd to suppose that if, by the use of any of the "arresters of metamorphosis," we could materially retard that process, we could get as much good work out of the system, as if, with an adequate supply of nutriment, there were free play

given to the excretory operations by which the effete products of the metamorphosis are carried off. If we cut off the ingress of air to a stove, we diminish the combustion of its fuel,—but at the same time, and in the same proportion, we lessen the heat it gives forth.

It appears from the experimental inquiries of Dr. Böcker and others, that the copious internal use of water has exactly the antagonistic effect to that of alcohol, increasing the amount of the excretions and accelerating the metamorphosis of tissue; and those who have watched the results of the hydropathic treatment judiciously applied in appropriate cases, cannot fail to be struck with its renovating and invigorating effects. These again correspond closely with the results of the system of “training” for any great feat of nervo-muscular power; this being unconsciously directed in every particular to promote the metamorphosis of tissue. What Horace told us long ago is equally true now:—

“Qui studet optatam cursu contingere metam
Multa tulit fecitque puer; sudavit et alsit,
Abstinit Venero et vino.”

We are glad to find our own views on this point confirmed by those of so high an authority as Dr. Parkes, the former Professor of Clinical Medicine in University College, now Professor of Hygiene in the Army Medical School, recently established by the government, at Chatham.

“It seems to me,” says Dr. Parkes, in his recently published treatise “The Composition of the Urine in Health and Disease” (p. 79), “that the obvious deduction from our present physiological knowledge is, that the more rapid the healthy metamorphosis of the body, within certain limits, the more urea and pigment are formed, the more perfect is nutrition, *as long as nutriment* is supplied in sufficient amount, and as long as the formative powers can use it. In the immense excretion of children, and in the retarded metamorphosis of old age, we see the two ends of the scale, and have the proof that growth and progress are corollaries of rapid metamorphosis and elimination. Have we then a right to conclude that any thing which impedes healthy metamorphosis is hurtful, and that in checking disintegration it will equally check formation? Perhaps, without going at present quite to this length, we may believe that the most perfect condition of health is rapid building and rapid unbuilding; and all the most strengthening

hygienic means, as exercise, sea air, saline baths, and abundant nutritious food, act by forwarding both these processes. Appetite increases, but at the same time the action of the eliminating organs is also increased; the body gains weight, although there must be increased rapidity of the molecular currents and chemical changes.

“The training for the ring may be taken as an illustration of my meaning. The prize-fighter eats largely of animal food: he thus, if Bischoff’s and Voit’s experiments be received, increases both the formation and the disintegration of tissue; and it is to be presumed that the excretion of urea during training must be increased. The prize-fighter brings into play another factor of elimination, for he gradually increases his muscular movements to an enormous extent, and by so doing he must absorb much more oxygen than usual, and give out more carbonic acid. All the three great factors of metamorphosis, viz., nitrogenous food, oxygen, and movements, are thus increased, and the amount of metamorphosis must also go on augmenting up to a certain point, as the bulk of the tissues increases. So far the prize-fighter may be said to follow the dictates of common sense; but now how does he act with regard to alcohol and wine, and the substances usually supposed to give strength, and to limit the necessity for food? Why, he almost discards their use: he takes no spirits, no wine, only a little weak beer (which he might with advantage leave off), but drinks to any amount of pure water, or fluids equivalent to it; and thus, taught by experience, he employs another most potent agent in elimination. Under this *régime* his health improves wonderfully; he can bear any fatigue; morbid causes are comparatively inoperative; injuries are recovered from, and, for the time, he is the very type of health and vigor. That the class is not a healthy one, is owing to reckless living between the periods of training.”

These remarks were written, Dr. Parkes tells us, long before the attention of the public and of the medical profession was strongly directed by the recent prize-fight to the subject of “training;” and he anticipates that this celebrated contest will not be without its good effect in making it more generally understood that the true source of strength of body is to be found in nutritious food and active exertion, rather than in the use of alcoholic drinks.

But whilst, for the maintenance of the full vigor of health under conditions strictly normal, it is undesirable to place any check

upon the metamorphic processes, there are conditions which in this busy life of ours can scarcely be considered as abnormal, in which the use of some of the "Arresters of Metamorphosis" is clearly indicated. As Dr. Chambers has truly remarked:—

"The proverbs of all tongues show how work purely mental exhausts the body; how, for instance, not only the painful emotions, care, sorrow, anxiety, but the nobler enthusiasms, the afflatus of the poet, the ambition of the patriot, the fixed attention of the scholar, the abstraction of the lover, fret to dust their tenement of clay."

There is a tendency that is common to most persons of more than average mental activity, though much greater in some temperaments than in others, to an irritable condition of the nervous system, in which every impression produces an exaggerated effect, the smallest and most commonplace matter becomes a worry and a care, and genuine repose and tranquillity are banished by the intrusion of trains of thought and the access of perturbations of feeling which it is almost beyond the capacity of the individual to restrain. Now it is in their power of relieving this condition, and of keeping in check the tendency to it, that we consider the great value of the "arresters of metamorphosis" to lie. Universal experience shows that alcohol (in small doses), tea, and tobacco, alike have the power of exerting a most potent *calmative* influence on these irritable states; an influence which seems precisely in harmony with the teachings of science in regard to their physiological action. The choice among those may be guided by the experience of each individual as to what he finds most suitable to himself, provided that he has self-command enough to keep within the limits which sound judgment prescribes, and does not begin with either alcohol or tobacco as a *medicine*, to continue its use as a habit of sensual indulgence. We need scarcely point out the special risk that attends the frequent employment of any articles possessing the extraordinary seductive powers which each of these can exert to the detriment of such as yield to their fascinations; the moral enslavement which results from the weakening or dethronement of the governing power of the will, being, in our apprehension, the most pernicious of its consequences. The dreamy listlessness in which

the habitual smoker passes a large portion of his time, is only in degree less pernicious than the sottish stupidity of the drunkard; the want of the healthful vigor of the well-stored and well-disciplined mind being as obvious in the one case as in the other. The moderate use of tea is not equally liable to objection; and the daily experience of millions testifies to its virtues. "The cup that cheers but not inebriates," has, no less than alcohol, the power of allaying that peculiar weariness of brain, which is the first stage of the irritative condition just now alluded to. Whether or not it does this by acting as an "arrester of metamorphosis" seems questionable; the statements of Böcker and others upon this point being opposed by Dr. Edward Smith, who maintains that the use of tea rather promotes than retards the metamorphoses of tissue. It would certainly appear, however, from that general and long-continued experience, which, when carefully scrutinized, affords a better basis for deduction than brief and limited experiments, that tea shares with alcohol in the power of making a limited quantity of food go further. It is marvellous upon how small an allowance of solid food the poor basket-woman can manage to keep body and soul together without grievously feeling her privation, so long as she can comfort herself with her cup of tea; which, so far from being an expensive luxury, is probably to her, in regard to what it saves, the cheapest portion of her dietary. And there is abundant evidence that when privation has reached its extreme point (as in the case of the first arctic expedition of Franklin and Richardson), where there has been a choice between tea and alcohol, the former has been preferred on account of its more constant and more lasting benefit. Doubtless tea has seductions of its own, especially to the man of studious habits, who avails himself of the stimulating action which it possesses when taken in excess, to get more work out of his brain than it can be rightly called on to perform; but however long the evil results of such habitual overtaking may be postponed, they are sure to manifest themselves at last in that general break-down which is the necessary sequence of a long-continued excess of expenditure over income.

There is one evil which it is probable that the habitual use of any of the "arresters of

metamorphosis" has a tendency to produce, but which seems especially liable to result from the regular use of alcoholic beverages; namely, the progressive degeneration of the blood and of the tissues by the substitution of fatty matter for their normal constituents. This degeneration, as is now well known to pathologists, lies at the foundation of a large proportion of the diseases of advanced life; and though precise evidence that it is produced or even favored by the moderate use of alcoholic liquors is yet wanting, yet there is so much that points in this direction in the results of observation and experiments, that a remote source of danger in such "moderation" is not vaguely but distinctly indicated. That the tissues and blood of drunkards, as well as of such as (like brewer's draymen) are always drinking yet never drunk, are ordinarily in a state of fatty degeneration has now been fully established; and the explanation of this fact is made pretty obvious by the power which the presence of alcohol in the blood has been shown to possess of retarding the elimination of effete matters from the body,—fat being one of the forms through which the hydrocarbonaceous portions of those matters pass in the course of their removal. Now the recent French experimenters, as we have already mentioned, were struck by the fact, that this excess of fat made itself apparent in the blood after even a single large dose of alcohol; and their researches also give evidence of the unexpectedly long time during which alcohol, even when taken in very moderate quantity, remains in the current of the circulation. The blood of a man, therefore, who takes his pint of brandied wine, or his three or four pints of strong malt liquor per day, can scarcely ever be free from alcohol; and its continued presence must exert a prejudicial effect upon his general nutrition, which must far outweigh any benefit which the ingestion of that amount of alcohol can possibly confer upon a man in ordinary health, the real utility of alcohol (save in extraordinary cases) being limited to what may properly be termed its medicinal power, and this being exerted in small doses.

Now that the course of events has forced the condition of our Indian Empire upon the attention of the British public, and every question relating to its administration is felt

to be one in which the nation and not a mere faction of it is involved, it is to be hoped that the teachings of science and experience on the subject of the use of alcoholic, and especially of spirituous liquors, by the European soldiery in India will no longer be ignored, as they have too generally been. Owing to a prevalent idea that alcohol could impart a power of resistance to the depressing and morbid influences of a tropical climate, it was long the regular practice in our Indian Army to issue a spirit ration before breakfast; and the soldier who thus commenced with a morning dram, finding himself tormented by thirst all day, was driven by it to the canteen, where, in the cheapness of the common spirit of the country, he found too great encouragement to the gratification of his craving for stimulants. The consequence has naturally followed that drunkenness, as all our Indian commanders and medical officers know too well, has been a most prolific source both of crime and of disease; frequently bringing a large proportion of our troops into a state of reckless insubordination (as in the well-remembered case of the capture of Delhi), and frightfully increasing the ratio of sickness and mortality. A most important step was taken many years ago by the authorities of the Madras Presidency, in the abolition of the spirit ration and the substitution of malt liquor; and its advantages have become so apparent that, in spite of considerable difficulties, the example has been followed, wherever it has been deemed practicable to do so, in the other presidencies. Still, however, the canteen system is continued; and though intemperance, with its concomitant insubordination and disease, has notably diminished, yet much still remains to be done; and it is of great importance that the force of enlightened public opinion should be brought to bear on this matter.

We have as yet no positive data for asserting that the eliminating process by which alcohol is got rid of from the system is carried on more slowly in hot climates than in cold; but it may be taken as a certainty, that either from this or from some other cause, a given dose of alcohol will produce more violent effects in the former case, than in the latter. The amount of spirit which many a Swede or a Highlander swallows daily without showing the least excitement, would

bring one of our soldiers in India into a state of furious drunkenness; and a continuance of the like dose for two or three weeks will almost certainly induce an attack of *delirium tremens*. The use of every possible means to discourage the abuse of alcoholic beverages is therefore specially called for in the Indian service. We are told on the authority of an experienced Indian medical officer, that

"Medical men are unanimous on this point, and have urged the authorities again and again, through their hospital reports, to abolish this pernicious custom, and the canteen system altogether, and to substitute in its place wholesome beverages adapted to the climate, and an improved kind of refreshment room;" and that "such truths have been so repeatedly brought forward by medical men and the advocates of the temperance cause, that one would think there could be no necessity for reiterating them, did not experience convince us of the necessity of doing so, and of endeavoring by every means to convince those who differ on this point, of the advantages to be expected by adopting the plan proposed for the European soldier in India; viz., that of total abstinence from wine or spirit."

Mr. Baddeley, from the appendix to whose interesting work on Whirlwinds and Dust-storms in India (noticed in a later part of our present number), we extract the foregoing observations, further tells us as the result of his personal experience:—

"Before commencing hospital work in the early morning, during times of prevailing sickness, I have made it a practice to take hot tea or coffee, by which means the system has been invigorated and rendered capable of resisting atmospheric influences, which otherwise, there is reason to believe, would have produced injurious effects. I have thus repeatedly escaped sickness."

And he cites, in support of his views, the following important testimony, from officers high in the service.

Colonel Dawes, of the Bengal Artillery, writes thus:—

"My experience is, that nearly all the crime affecting our European troops in India has originated in the use of spirituous liquors. I consider abstinence from spirits a turning-point in the life of many a soldier. The man becomes quite an altered character when he drops the pernicious stimulant; more cleanly in person, respectful to his su-

periors, and respectable in character, and from the increased dependence that may generally be placed upon him, he becomes altogether a more valuable man, both in the field and in quarters. I have seen many a bad character converted by abstinence from spirits into a steady, able-bodied, hard-working, courageous soldier. On the other hand, I have remarked that the best men have at times become next to useless from indulgence in liquor. My conviction is, that the less liquor the European gets the better: but I am not prepared to say that the allowance of a quart of beer or porter is injurious, though many, I am sure, do better without it. As you are aware, the soldier can do without liquor, as has been proved on many occasions. At Jellalhabad this fact was well illustrated. The 13th Light Infantry, beleaguered there, was not supplied with spirits during the siege, which lasted *five months*. The men were nevertheless *remarkably healthy* during the whole period, notwithstanding incessant hard work, which was carried on with great alacrity and cheerfulness, the men being always well behaved and good tempered. After the garrison was relieved, liquor was again issued, and the difference in the conduct and appearance of the men was very marked. At Caubul, too, in a fine climate, this regiment was not nearly so healthy as before, from the same cause, and lost many men during the winter months.

"A great advantage will be gained when once spirituous liquor is abolished entirely. The soldier's life in India will then be both a happier and a longer one. The free introduction of malt liquor would enable the change to be effected without difficulty. Care should be taken, however, to have good coffee and tea provided regularly in each troop and company; and the first thing in the morning each man should have some offered to him before going out to duty; and also in the evening, as he may desire it. The men soon learn the value of this, and when properly managed, it is alike beneficial to health and morals. I have been assured by one of the ablest of our surgeons in India, that he attributed the remarkable healthiness of a portion of the troops in a large station, at a time of great sickness prevailing among the rest of the troops, to nothing else but the early morning cup of coffee. A man should be selected from each company to superintend the proper supply of good coffee, and be allowed a small profit for his trouble. I believe the men will, in almost every case, willingly join these coffee-clubs."

On this, Mr. Baddeley remarks:—

"My own experience corresponds entirely

with what Colonel Dawes says. The arrangement he recommends is essential to success: when the tea or coffee is bad, or its preparation is left to native servants or cook-boys, the beverage is not drinkable, and the men would reject it with disgust, and again have recourse to spirits or intoxicating liquors."

And he adds the following strong expression of well-considered conviction from Major-General Wyllie, C.B., of the Bombay Army.

"I quite concur in the opinion expressed by Colonel Dawes, that it is very desirable to abolish the spirit-ration in the Indian army; because it appears to me to foster a habit of dram-drinking that leads to much evil. Some years ago, when serving in Scinde and Affghanistan, I remarked that little or no crime was committed by our European soldiers while quartered in those countries, chiefly owing to their inability to procure spirits with the same facility as in India. On our return to India, many of the

non-commissioned officers of one of the same well-conducted regiments, were reduced to the ranks in consequence of indulgence in spirituous liquors at a station where, as usual, it was easily procurable. My own observation and experience incline me to assert that indulgence in spirituous liquor in a climate like India shortens life to an alarming extent. A certain quantity of beer or porter, without spirits, seems to me quite sufficient stimulant for a healthy man; good coffee and tea, properly prepared, should also be freely supplied morning and evening."

General Wyllie judiciously add:—

"Want of employment is doubtless a source of great evil in India. In addition to the usual privilege of being permitted to work at their respective trades when off duty, on the western side of India, the men have ground allotted to them at the different European stations for the purposes of gardening; which plan, as far as it goes, has been found to answer remarkably well."

The Professor at the Breakfast Table. Low, Son, and Co.

WASHINGTON IRVING left his place to be filled by another American author who may take higher literary rank in after-time than even Geoffrey Crayon. Yet the "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," full as it was of rich and suggestive thought, had not that beauty of form and dramatic interest which the *Story of Iris* gives to the present volume. Here we have not merely cabinet pictures of still life, but full-lengths, wrought with a hand dexterous and faithful, that reminds us of him who drew Uncle Toby and the Corporal. Indeed, to those who are unacquainted with Dr. Holmes' writing, to call him an American Sterne would perhaps give the best notion of his peculiar genius. But he is a wholesome Sterne of the nineteenth century. The anxiety to leave out nothing in the estimate of the universe, whether of old ideals or of new experiences, and the anxiety not to be too anxious, are curiously balanced throughout the book. There is a keen susceptibility to impressions, outward or inward, checked by the desire not to be led away by these impressions and a belief that the base and issue of things are both good and right. We may quote a passage—one out of many, upon private property in truth:—

"Although it would be a great luxury to me to obtain my opinions by contract, ready made, from a professional man, and although I have a

constitutional kindly feeling to all sorts of good people, which would make me happy to agree with all their beliefs if that were possible, still I must have an idea now and then as to the meaning of life; and though the only condition of peace in this world is to have no ideas, or at least not to express them, with reference to such subjects, I can't afford to pay quite so much as that even for peace. I find that there is a very prevalent opinion among the dwellers on the shores of Sir Isaac Newton's Ocean of Truth, that *salt fish* which have been taken from it a good while ago, split open, cured and dried, are the only proper and allowable food for reasonable people—I maintain, on the other hand, that I have landed an actual living fish, small perhaps, but with rosy gills and silvery scales. Then I find that the consumers of nothing but the salted and dried article insist that it is poisonous, simply because it is alive, and cry out to people not to touch it. I have not found, however, that people mind them much."

There is true genius in the description of the tutor's death, which is entitled to be named together with the story of the end even of Yorick. Neither is there any lack in this book of the comic element. The landlady and her daughter, the young man John, who is the model of all the virtues, a "good" woman whom everybody hates, and the Koh-i-noor, form a group which relieves the graver interest depending upon *Iris* and the Little Gentleman.—*Examiner*.

From All the Year Round.
THE GRAY WOMAN.

THERE is a mill by the Neckar-side, to which many people resort for coffee, according to the fashion which is almost national in Germany. There is nothing particularly attractive in the situation of this mill; it is on the Mannheim (the flat and unromantic) side of Heidelberg. The river turns the mill-wheel with a plenteous gushing sound; the out-buildings and the dwelling-house of the miller form a well-kept, dusty quadrangle. Again, further from the river, there is a garden full of willows, and arbors, and flower-beds, not well kept, but very profuse in flowers and luxuriant creepers, knotting and looping the arbors together. In each of these arbors is a stationary table of white painted wood, and light, movable chairs of the same color and material.

I went to drink coffee there with some friends in 184-. The stately old miller came out to greet us, as some of the party were known to him of old. He was of a grand build of a man, and his loud, musical voice, with its tone friendly and familiar, his rolling laugh of welcome, went well with the keen, bright eye, the fine cloth of his coat, and the general look of substance about the place. Poultry of all kinds abounded in the mill-yard, where there were ample means of livelihood for them strewed on the ground; but not content with this, the miller took out handfuls of corn from the sacks, and threw liberally to the cocks and hens that ran almost under his feet in their eagerness. And all the time he was doing this, as it were habitually, he was talking to us, and ever and anon calling to his daughter and the serving-maids, to bid them hasten the coffee we had ordered. He followed us to an arbor, and saw us served to his satisfaction with the best of every thing we could ask for; and then left us to go round to the different arbors and see that each party was properly attended to; and, as he went, this great, prosperous, happy-looking man whistled softly one of the most plaintive airs I ever heard.

"His family have held this mill ever since the old Palatinate days; or rather, I should say, have possessed the ground ever since then, for two successive mills of theirs have been burnt down by the French. If you want to see Scherer in a passion, just talk

to him of the possibility of a French invasion."

But at this moment, still whistling that mournful air, we saw the miller going down the steps that led from the somewhat raised garden into the mill-yard; and so I seemed to have lost my chance of putting him in a passion.

We had nearly finished our coffee, and our "kucken," and our cinnamon cake, when heavy splashes fell on our thick, leafy covering; quicker and quicker they came, coming through the tender leaves as if they were tearing them asunder; all the people in the garden were hurrying under shelter, or seeking for their carriages standing outside. Up the steps the miller came hastening, with a crimson umbrella, fit to cover every one left in the garden, and followed by his daughter, and one or two maidens, each bearing an umbrella.

"Come into the house—come in, I say. It is a summer-storm, and will flood the place for an hour or two, till the river carries it away. Here, here."

And we followed him back into his own house. We went into the kitchen first. Such an array of bright copper and tin vessels I never saw; and all the wooden things were as thoroughly scoured. The red tile floor was spotless when we went in, but in two minutes it was all over slop and dirt with the tread of many feet; for the kitchen was filled, and still the worthy miller kept bringing in more people under his great crimson umbrella. He even called the dogs in, and made them lie down under the tables.

His daughter said something to him in German, and he shook his head merrily at her. Everybody laughed.

"What did she say?" I asked.

"She told him to bring the ducks in next; but indeed if more people come we shall be suffocated. What with the thundery weather, and the stove, and all these steaming clothes, I really think we must ask leave to pass on. Perhaps we might go in and see Frau Scherer."

My friend asked the daughter of the house for permission to go to an inner chamber and see her mother. It was granted, and we went into a sort of salon, overlooking the Neckar; very small, very bright, and very close. The floor was slippery with polish; long, narrow pieces of looking-glass

against the walls reflected the perpetual motion of the river opposite; a white porcelain stove, with some old-fashioned ornaments of brass about it; a sofa, covered with Utrecht velvet, a table before it, and a piece of worsted-worked carpet under it; a vase of artificial flowers; and, lastly, an alcove with a bed in it, on which lay the paralyzed wife of the good miller, knitting busily, formed the furniture. I spoke as if this was all that was to be seen in the room; but, sitting quietly, while my friend kept up a brisk conversation in a language which I but half understood, my eye was caught by a picture in a dark corner, and I got up to examine it more nearly.

It was that of a young girl of extreme beauty; evidently of middle rank. There was a sensitive refinement in her face, as if she almost shrank from the gaze which, of necessity, the painter must have fixed upon her. It was not over-well painted, but I felt that it must have been a good likeness, from this strong impress of peculiar character which I have tried to describe. From the dress, I should guess it to have been painted in the latter half of the last century. And I afterwards heard that I was right.

There was a little pause in the conversation.

"Will you ask Frau Scherer who this is?"

My friend repeated my question, and received a long reply in German. Then she turned round and translated it to me.

"It is the likeness of a great-aunt of her husband." (My friend was standing by me, and looking at the picture with sympathetic curiosity.) "See! here is the name on the open page of this Bible, 'Anna Scherer, 1778.' Frau Scherer says there is a tradition in the family that this pretty girl, with her complexion of lilies and roses, lost her color so entirely through fright, that she was known by the name of the Gray Woman. She speaks as if this Anna Scherer lived in some state of life-long terror. But she does not know details; refers me to her husband for them. She thinks he has some papers which were written by the original of that picture for her daughter, who died in this very house not long after our friend there was married. We can ask Herr Scherer for the whole story if you like."

"Oh, yes, pray do!" said I. And, as our host came in at this moment to ask how we

were faring, and to tell us that he had sent to Heidelberg for carriages to convey us home, seeing no chance of the heavy rain abating, my friend, after thanking him, passed on to my request.

"Ah!" said he, his face changing, "the Aunt Anna had a sad history. It was all owing to one of those hellish Frenchmen; and her daughter suffered for it—the Cousin Ursula, as we all called her when I was a child. To be sure the good Cousin Ursula was his child as well. The sins of the fathers are visited on their children. The lady would like to know all about it, would she? Well, there are papers—a kind of apology the Aunt Anna wrote for putting an end to her daughter's engagement—or rather facts which she revealed, that prevented Cousin Ursula from marrying the man she loved; and so she would never have any other good fellow, else I have heard say my father would have been thankful to have made her his wife." All this time he was rummaging in the drawer of an old-fashioned bureau, and now he turned round, with a bundle of yellow MSS. in his hand, which he gave to my friend, saying, "Take it home, take it home, and if you care to make out our crabbed German writing, you may keep it as long as you like, and read it at your leisure. Only I must have it back again when you have done with it, that's all."

And so we became possessed of the manuscript of the following letter, which it was our employment, during many a long evening that ensuing winter, to translate, and in some parts to abbreviate. The letter began with some reference to the pain which she had already inflicted upon her daughter by some unexplained opposition to a project of marriage; but I doubt if, without the clue with which the good miller had furnished us, we could have made out even this much from the passionate, broken sentences that made us fancy that some scene between the mother and daughter—and possibly a third person—had occurred just before the mother had begun to write.

"Thou dost not love thy child, mother! Thou dost not care if her heart is broken!" Ah, God, and these words of my heart-beloved Ursula ring in my ears as if the sound of them would fill them when I lie a-dying. And her poor tear-stained face comes be-

tween me and every thing else. Child! hearts do not break; life is very tough as well as very terrible. But I will not decide for thee. I will tell thee all; and thou shalt bear the burden of choice. I may be wrong; I have little wit left, and never had much, I think; but an instinct serves me in place of judgment, and that instinct tells me that thou and thy Henri must never be married. Yet I may be in error. I would fain make my child happy. Lay this paper before the good priest Schriesheim; if, after reading it, thou hast doubts which make thee uncertain. Only I will tell thee all now, on condition that no spoken word ever passes between us on the subject. It would kill me to be questioned. I should have to see all present again.

My father held, as thou knowest, the mill, on the Neckar, where thy new-found uncle, Scherer, now lives. Thou rememberest the surprise with which we were received there last vintage twelvemonth. How thy uncle disbelieved me when I said that I was his Sister Anna, whom he had long believed to be dead, and how I had to lead thee underneath the picture, painted of me long ago, and point out, feature by feature, the likeness between it and thee; and how, as I spoke, I recalled first to my own mind, and then by speech to his, the details of the time when it was painted; the merry words that passed between us then, a happy boy and girl; the position of the articles of furniture in the room; our father's habits; the cherry-tree, now cut down, that shaded the window of my bedroom, through which my brother was wont to squeeze himself, in order to spring on to the topmost bough that would bear his weight; and thence would pass me back his cap laden with fruit to where I sat on the window-sill, too sick with fright for him to care much for eating the cherries.

And at length Fritz gave way, and believed me to be his Sister Anna, even as though I were risen from the dead. And thou rememberest how he fetched in his wife, and told her that I was not dead, but was come back to the old home once more, changed as I was. And she would scarce believe him, and scanned me with a cold, distrustful eye, till at length—for I knew her of old as Babette Müller—I said that I was well-to-do, and needed not to seek out friends for what they had to give. And then she

asked—not me, but her husband—why I had kept silent so long, leading all—father, brother, every one that loved me in my own dear home—to esteem me dead. And then thine uncle (thou rememberest?) said he cared not to know more than I cared to tell; that I was his Anna, found again, to be a blessing to him in his old age, as I had been in his boyhood. I thanked him in my heart for his trust; for were the need for telling all less than it seems to me now I could not speak of my past life. But she, who was my sister-in-law still, held back her welcome, and, for want of that, I did not go to live in Heidelberg as I had planned beforehand, in order to be near my Brother Fritz, but contented myself with his promise to be a father to my Ursula when I should die and leave this weary world.

That Babette Müller was, as I may say, the cause of all my life's suffering. She was a baker's daughter in Heidelberg—a great beauty, as people said, and, indeed, as I could see for myself. I, too,—thou sawest my picture,—was reckoned a beauty, and I believe I was so. Babette Müller looked upon me as a rival. She liked to be admired, and had no one much to love her. I had several people to love me—thy grandfather Fritz, the old servant Kätchen, Karl, the head apprentice at the mill—and I feared admiration and notice, and the being stared at as the “Schöne Müllerin,” whenever I went to make my purchases in Heidelberg.

Those were happy, peaceful days. I had Kätchen to help me in the housework, and whatever we did pleased my brave old father, who was always gentle and indulgent towards us women, though he was stern enough with the apprentices in the mill. Karl, the oldest of these, was his favorite; and I can see now that my father wished him to marry me, and that Karl himself was desirous to do so. But Karl was rough-spoken, and passionate—not with me, but with the others—and I shrank from him in a way which, I fear gave him pain. And then came thy Uncle Fritz's marriage; and Babette was brought to the mill to be its mistress. Not that I cared much for giving up my post, for, in spite of my father's great kindness, I always feared that I did not manage well for so large a family (with the men, and a girl under Kätchen, we sat down eleven each night to supper). But when Babette

began to find fault with Kätchen, I was unhappy at the blame that fell on faithful servants; and by and by I began to see that Babette was egging on Karl to make more open love to me, and, as she once said, to get done with it, and take me off to a home of my own. My father was growing old, and did not perceive all my daily discomfort. The more Karl advanced, the more I disliked him. He was good in the main, but I had no notion of being married, and could not bear any one who talked to me about it.

Things were in this way when I had an invitation to go to Carlsruhe to visit a schoolfellow, of whom I had been very fond. Babette was all for my going; I don't think I wanted to leave home, and yet I had been very fond of Sophie Rupprecht. But I was always shy among strangers. Somehow the affair was settled for me, but not until both Fritz and my father had made inquiries as to the character and position of the Rupprechts. They learned that the father had held some kind of inferior position about the grand duke's court, and was now dead, leaving a widow, a noble lady, and two daughters, the elder of whom was Sophie, my friend. Madame Rupprecht was not rich, but more than respectable—genteel. When this was ascertained, my father made no opposition to my going; Babette forwarded it by all the means in her power, and even my dear Fritz had his word to say in its favor. Only Kätchen was against it—Kätchen and Karl. The opposition of Karl did more to send me to Carlsruhe than any thing. For I could have objected to go; but when he took upon himself to ask what was the good of going a-gadding, visiting strangers of whom no one knew any thing, I yielded to circumstances—to the pulling of Sophie and the pushing of Babette. I was silently vexed, I remember, at Babette's inspection of my clothes; at the way in which she settled that this gown was too old-fashioned, or that too common, to go with me on my visit to a noble lady; and at the way in which she took upon herself to spend the money my father had given me to buy what was requisite for the occasion. And yet I blamed myself, for every one else thought her so kind for doing all this; and she herself meant kindly, too.

At last I quitted the mill by the Neckar-

side. It was a long day's journey, and Fritz went with me to Carlsruhe. The Rupprechts lived on the third floor of a house a little behind one of the principal streets, in a cramped-up court, to which we gained admittance through a doorway in the street. I remember how pinched their rooms looked after the large space we had at the mill, and yet they had an air of grandeur about them which was new to me, and which gave me pleasure, faded as some of it was. Madame Rupprecht was too formal a lady for me; I was never at my ease with her; but Sophie was all that I had recollected her at school: kind, affectionate, and only rather too ready with her expressions of admiration and regard. The little sister kept out of our way; and that was all we needed, in the first enthusiastic renewal of our early friendship. The one great object of Madame Rupprecht's life was to retain her position in society; and as her means were much diminished since her husband's death, there was not much comfort, though there was a great deal of show, in their way of living; just the opposite of what it was at my father's house. I believe that my coming was not too much desired by Madame Rupprecht, as I brought with me another mouth to be fed; but Sophie had spent a year or more in entreating for permission to invite me, and her mother, having once consented, was too well bred not to give me a stately welcome.

The life in Carlsruhe was very different from what it was at home. The hours were later, the coffee was weaker in the morning, the pottage was weaker, the boiled beef less relieved by other diet, the dresses finer, the evening engagements constant. I did not find these visits pleasant. We might not knit, which would have relieved the tedium a little; but we sat in a circle, talking together, only interrupted occasionally by a gentleman, who, breaking out of the knot of men who stood near the door talking eagerly together, stole across the room on tiptoe, his hat under his arm, and, bringing his feet together in the position we called the first at the dancing-school, made a low bow to the lady he was going to address. The first time I saw these manners I could not help smiling; but Madame Rupprecht saw me, and spoke to me next morning rather severely, telling me that, of course, in my country breeding I could have seen

nothing of court manners, or French fashions, but that that was no reason for my laughing at them. Of course I tried never to smile again in company. This visit to Carlsruhe took place in '89, just when every one was full of the events taking place at Paris; and yet at Carlsruhe, French fashions were more talked of than French politics. Madame Rupprecht, especially, thought a great deal of all French people. And this again was quite different to us at home. Fritz could hardly bear the name of a Frenchman; and it had nearly been an obstacle to my visit to Sophie that her mother preferred being called Madame to her proper title of Frau.

One night I was sitting next to Sophie, and longing for the time when we might have supper and go home, so as to be able to speak together, a thing forbidden by Madame Rupprecht's rules of etiquette, which strictly prohibited any but the most necessary conversation passing between members of the same family when in society. I was sitting, I say, scarcely keeping back my inclination to yawn, when two gentlemen came in, one of whom was evidently a stranger to the whole party, from the formal manner in which the host led him up, and presented him to the hostess. I thought I had never seen any one so handsome or so elegant. His hair was powdered, of course, but one could see from his complexion that it was fair in its natural state. His features were as delicate as a girl's, and set off by two little "mouches," as we called patches in those days, one at the left corner of his mouth, the other prolonging, as it were, the right eye. His dress was blue and silver. I was so lost in admiration of this beautiful young man, that I was as much surprised as if the angel Gabriel had spoken to me, when the lady of the house brought him forward to present him to me. She called him Monsieur de la Tourelle, and he began to speak to me in French; but though I understood him perfectly, I dared not trust myself to reply to him in that language. Then he tried German, speaking it with a kind of soft lisp that I thought charming. But, before the end of the evening, I became a little tired of the affected softness and effeminacy of his manners, and the exaggerated compliments he paid me, which had the effect of making all the company turn round and look

at me. Madame Rupprecht was, however, pleased with the precise thing that displeased me. She liked either Sophie or me to create a sensation; of course she would have preferred that it should have been her daughter, but her daughter's friend was next best. As we went away I heard Madame Rupprecht and Monsieur de la Tourelle reciprocating civil speeches with might and main, from which I found out that the French gentleman was coming to call on us the next day. I do not know whether I was more glad or frightened, for I had been kept upon stilts of good manners all the evening. But still I was flattered when Madame Rupprecht spoke as if she had invited him, because he had shown pleasure in my society, and even more gratified by Sophie's ungrudging delight at the evident interest I had excited in so fine and agreeable a gentleman. Yet, with all this, they had hard work to keep me from running out of the salon the next day, when we heard his voice inquiring at the gate on the stairs for Madame Rupprecht. They had made me put on my Sunday gown, and they themselves were dressed as for a reception.

When he was gone away, Madame Rupprecht congratulated me on the conquest I had made; for, indeed, he had scarcely spoken to any one else, beyond what mere civility required, and had almost invited himself to come in the evening to bring some new song, which was all the fashion in Paris, he said. Madame Rupprecht had been out all morning, as she told me, to glean information about Monsieur de la Tourelle. He was a propriétaire, had a small château on the Vosges Mountains; he owned land there, but had a large income from some sources quite independent of this property. Altogether, he was a good match, as she emphatically observed. She never seemed to think that I could refuse him after this account of his wealth, nor do I believe she would have allowed Sophie a choice, even had he been as old and ugly as he was young and handsome. I do not quite know—so many events have come to pass since then, and blurred the clearness of my recollections—if I loved him or not. He was very much devoted to me; he almost frightened me by the excess of his demonstrations of love. And he was very charming to everybody around me, who all spoke of him as the most fascinating of men, and of me as

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the most fortunate of girls. And yet I never felt quite at my ease with him. I was always relieved when his visits were over, although I missed his presence when he did not come. He prolonged his visit to the friend with whom he was staying at Carlsruhe, on purpose to woo me. He loaded me with presents, which I was unwilling to take, only Madame Rupprecht seemed to consider me an affected prude if I refused them. Many of these presents consisted of articles of valuable old jewellery, evidently belonging to his family, by accepting these I doubled the ties which were formed around me by circumstances even more than by my own consent. In those days we did not write letters to absent friends as frequently as is done now, and I had been unwilling to name him in the few letters that I wrote home. At length, however, I learned from Madame Rupprecht that she had written to my father to announce the splendid conquest I had made, and to request his presence at my betrothal. I started with astonishment. I had not realized that affairs had gone so far as this. But when she asked me, in a stern, offended manner, what I had meant by my conduct if I did not intend to marry Monsieur de la Tourelle—I had received his visits, his presents, all his various advances without showing any unwillingness or repugnance—(and it was all true; I had shown no repugnance, though I did not wish to be married to him,—at least not so soon)—what could I do but hang my head, and silently consent to the rapid enunciation of the only course which now remained for me if I would not be esteemed a heartless coquette all the rest of my days?

There was some difficulty, which I afterwards learnt that my sister-in-law had obviated, about my betrothal taking place from home. My father, and Fritz especially, were for having me return to the mill, and there be betrothed, and from thence be married. But the Rupprechts and Monsieur de la Tourelle were equally urgent on the other side; and Babette was unwilling to have the trouble of the commotion at the mill; and also, I think, a little disliked the idea of the contrast of my grander marriage with her own.

So my father and Fritz came over to the betrothal. They were to stay at an inn in

Carlsruhe for a fortnight, at the end of which time the marriage was to take place. Monsieur de la Tourelle told me he had business at home, which would oblige him to be absent during the interval between the two events; and I was very glad of it, for I did not think that he valued my father and my brother as I could have wished him to do. He was very polite to them; put on all the soft, grand manner, which he had rather dropped with me; and complimented us all round, beginning with my father and Madame Rupprecht, and ending with little Alwina. But he a little scoffed at the old-fashioned church ceremonies which my father insisted on; and I fancy Fritz must have taken some of his compliments as satire, for I saw certain signs of manner by which I knew that my future husband, for all his civil words, had irritated and annoyed my brother. But all the money arrangements were liberal in the extreme, and more than satisfied, almost surprised, my father. Even Fritz lifted up his eyebrows and whistled. I alone did not care about any thing. I was bewitched,—in a dream,—a kind of despair. I had got into a net through my own timidity and weakness, and I did not see how to get out of it. I clung to my own home-people that fortnight as I had never done before. Their voices, their ways were all so pleasant and familiar to me, after the constraint in which I had been living. I might speak and do as I liked without being corrected by Madame Rupprecht, or reproved in a delicate, complimentary way by Monsieur de la Tourelle. One day I said to my father that I did not want to be married, that I would rather go back to the dear old mill; but he seemed to feel this speech of mine as a dereliction of duty as great as if I had committed perjury; as if, after the ceremony of betrothal, no one had any weight over me but my future husband. And yet he asked me some solemn questions; but my answers were not such as to do me any good.

“Dost thou know any fault or crime in this man that should prevent God’s blessing from resting on thy marriage with him? Dost thou feel aversion or repugnance to him in any way?”

And to all this, what could I say? I could only stammer out that I did not think I loved him enough; and my poor old father

saw in this reluctance only the fancy of a silly girl who did not know her own mind, but who had now gone too far to recede.

So we were married in the court chapel, a privilege which Madame Rupprecht had used no end of efforts to obtain for us, and which she must have thought was to secure us all possible happiness, both at the time and in recollection afterwards.

We were married; and after two days spent in festivity at Carlsruhe, among all our new fashionable friends there, I bade good-bye forever to my dear old father. I had begged my husband to take me by way of Heidelberg to his old castle in the Vosges; but I found an amount of determination, under that effeminate appearance and manner, for which I was not prepared, and he refused my first request so decidedly that I dared not urge it. "Henceforth, Anna," said he, "you will move in a different sphere of life; and though it is possible that you may have the power of showing favor to your relations from time to time, yet much or familiar intercourse will be undesirable, and is what I cannot allow." I felt almost afraid, after this formal speech, of asking my father and Fritz to come and see me; but, when the agony of bidding them farewell overcame all my prudence, I did beg them to pay me a visit ere long. But they shook their heads, and spoke of business at home, of different kinds of life, of my being a Frenchwoman now. Only my father broke out at last with a blessing, and said, "If my child is unhappy—which God forbid—let her remember that her father's house is ever open to her." I was on the point of crying out, "Oh! take me back then now, my father!—O my father!" when I felt, rather than saw, my husband present near me. He looked on with a slightly contemptuous air, and taking my hand in his, he led me weeping away, saying that short farewells were always the best when they were inevitable.

It took us two days to reach his château in the Vosges, for the roads were bad and the way difficult to ascertain. Nothing could be more devoted than he was all the time of the journey. It seemed as if he were trying in every way to make up for the separation which every hour made me feel the more complete between my present and my former life. I seemed as if I were only now waking up to a full sense of what marriage

was, and I dare say I was not a cheerful companion on the tedious journey. At length jealousy of my regret for my father and brother got the better of M. de la Tourelle, and he became so much displeased with me that I thought my heart would break with the sense of desolation. So it was in no cheerful frame of mind that we approached Les Rochers, and I thought that perhaps it was because I was so unhappy that the place looked so dreary. On one side, the château looked like a raw new building, hastily run up for some immediate purpose, without any growth of trees or underwood near it, only the remains of the stone used for building, not yet cleared away from the immediate neighborhood, although weeds and lichens had been suffered to grow near and over the heaps of rubbish; on the other, were the great rocks from which the place took its name, and rising close against them, as if almost a natural formation, was the old castle, whose building dated many centuries back.

It was not large nor grand, but it was strong and picturesque, and I used to wish that we lived in it rather than in the smart, half-furnished apartment in the new edifice, which had been hastily got ready for my reception. Incongruous as the two parts were, they were joined into a whole by means of intricate passages and unexpected doors, the exact positions of which I never fully understood. M. de la Tourelle led me to a suite of rooms set apart for me, and formally installed me in them, as in a domain of which I was sovereign. He apologized for the hasty preparation which was all he had been able to make for me, but promised, before I asked, or even thought of complaining, that they should be made as luxurious as heart could wish before many weeks had elapsed. But when, in the gloom of an autumnal evening, I caught my own face and figure reflected in all the mirrors, which showed only a mysterious background in the dim light of the many candles which failed to illuminate the great proportions of the half-furnished salon, I clung to M. de la Tourelle, and begged to be taken to the rooms he had occupied before his marriage, he seemed angry with me, although he affected to laugh, and so decidedly put aside the notion of my having any other rooms but these, that I trembled in silence at the fantastic figures and

shapes which my imagination called up as peopling the background of those gloomy mirrors. There was my boudoir, a little less dreary—my bedroom, with its grand and tarnished furniture, which I commonly made into my sitting-room, locking up the various doors which led into the boudoir, the salon, the passage—all but one, through which M. de la Tourelle always entered from his own apartments in the older part of the castle. But this preference of mine for occupying my bedroom annoyed M. de la Tourelle, I am sure, though he did not care to express his displeasure. He would always allure me back into the salon, which I disliked more and more from its complete separation from the rest of the building by the long passage into which all the doors of my apartment opened. This passage was closed by heavy doors and portières, through which I could not hear a sound from the other parts of the house, and, of course, the servants could not hear any movement or cry of mine unless expressly summoned. To a girl brought up as I had been in a household where every individual lived all day in the sight of every other member of the family, never wanted either cheerful words or the sense of silent companionship, this grand isolation of mine was very formidable; and the more so, because M. de la Tourelle, as landed proprietor, sportsman, and what not, was generally out of doors the greater part of every day, and sometimes for two or three days at a time. I had no pride to keep me from associating with the domestics; it would have been natural to me in many ways to have sought them out for a word of sympathy in those dreary days when I was left so entirely to myself, had they been like our kindly German servants. But I disliked them, one and all; I could not tell why. Some were civil, but there was a familiarity in their civility which repelled me; others were rude, and treated me more as if I were an intruder than their master's chosen wife; and yet of the two sets I liked these last the best.

The principle male servant belonged to the latter class. I was very much afraid of him, he had such an air of suspicious surliness about him in all he did for me; and yet M. de la Tourelle spoke of him as most valuable and faithful. Indeed, it sometimes struck me that Lefebvre ruled his master in some things; and this I could not make out.

For, while M. de la Tourelle behaved towards me as if I were some precious toy or idol, to be cherished, and fostered, and petted, and indulged, I soon found out how little I, or, apparently, any one else, could bend the terrible will of the man who had on first acquaintance appeared to me too effeminate and languid to exert his will in the slightest particular. I had learnt to know his face better now; and to see that some vehement depth of feeling, the cause of which I could not fathom, made his gray eye glitter with pale light, and his lips contract, and his delicate cheek whiten on certain occasions. But all had been so open and above board at home, that I had no experience to help me to unravel any mysteries among those who lived under the same roof. I understood that I had made what Madame Rupprecht and her set would have called a great marriage, because I lived in a château with many servants, bound ostensibly to obey me as a mistress. I understood that M. de la Tourelle was fond enough of me in his way—proud of my beauty, I dare say (for he often enough spoke about it to me)—but he was so jealous, and suspicious, and uninfluenced by my wishes, unless they tallied with his own. I felt at this time as if I could have been fond of him too, if he would have let me: but I was timid from my childhood, and before long my dread of his displeasure (coming down like thunder into the midst of his love, for such slight causes as a hesitation in reply, a wrong word, or a sigh for my father), conquered my humorous inclination to love one who was so handsome, so accomplished, so indulgent and devoted. But if I could not please him when indeed I loved him, you may imagine how often I did wrong when I was so much afraid of him as to quietly avoid his company for fear of his outbursts of passion. One thing I remember noticing, that the more M. de la Tourelle was displeased with me, the more Lefebvre seemed to chuckle; and when I was restored to favor, sometimes on as sudden an impulse as that which occasioned my disgrace, Lefebvre would look askance at me with his cold, malicious eyes, and once or twice at such times he spoke most disrespectfully to M. de la Tourelle.

I have almost forgotten to say that, in the early days of my life at Les Rochers, M. de la Tourelle, in contemptuous indulgent pity

at my weakness in disliking the dreary grandeur of the salon, wrote up to the milliner in Paris from whom my corbeille de mariage had come, to desire her to look out for me a maid of middle age, experienced in the toilette, and with so much refinement that she might on occasion serve as companion to me.

A Norman woman, Amante by name, was sent to Les Rochers by the Paris milliner, to become my maid. She was tall and handsome, though upwards of forty, and somewhat gaunt. But, on first seeing her, I liked her; she was neither rude nor familiar in her manners, and had a pleasant look of straightforwardness about her that I had missed in all the inhabitants of the château, and had foolishly set down in my own mind as a national want. Amante was directed by M. de la Tourelle to sit in my boudoir, and to be always within call. He also gave her many instructions as to her duties in matters which, perhaps, strictly belonged to my department of management. But I was young and inexperienced, and thankful to be spared any responsibility.

I dare say it was true what M. de la Tourelle said—before many weeks had elapsed—that, for a great lady, a lady of a castle, I became sadly too familiar with my Norman waiting-maid. But you know that by birth we were not very far apart in rank: Amante was the daughter of a Norman farmer, I of a German miller; and, besides, that my life was so lonely! It almost seemed as if I could not please my husband. He had written for some one capable of being my companion at times, and now he was jealous of my free regard for her—angry because I could sometimes laugh at her original tunes and amusing proverbs, while when with him I was too much frightened to smile.

From time to time families from a distance of some leagues drove through the bad roads in their heavy carriages to pay us a visit, and there was an occasional talk about our going to Paris when public affairs should be a little more settled. These little events and plans were the only variations in my life for the first twelve months, if I except the alternations in M. de la Tourelle's temper, his unreasonable anger, and his passionate fondness.

Perhaps one of the reasons that made me take pleasure and comfort in Amante's so-

ciety was, that whereas I was afraid of everybody (I do not think I was half as much afraid of things as of persons), Amante feared no one. She would quietly beard Lefebvre, and he respected her all the more for it; she had a knack of putting questions to M. de la Tourelle, which respectfully informed him that she had detected the weak point, but forbore to press him too closely upon it out of deference to his position as her master. And with all her shrewdness to others, she had quite tender ways with me; all the more so at this time because she knew, what I had not yet ventured to tell M. de la Tourelle, that by and by I might become a mother, that wonderful object of mysterious interest to single women, who no longer hope to enjoy such blessedness themselves.

It was once more autumn; late in October. But I was reconciled to my habitation; the walls of the new part of the building no longer looked bare and desolate; the débris had been so far cleared away by M. de la Tourelle's desire as to make me a little flower-garden, in which I tried to cultivate those plants that I remembered as growing at home. Amante and I had moved the furniture in the rooms, and adjusted it to our liking; my husband had ordered many an article from time to time that he thought would give me pleasure, and I was becoming tame to my apparent imprisonment in a certain part of the great building, the whole of which I had never yet explored. It was October, as I say, once more. The days were lovely, though of short duration, and M. de la Tourelle had occasion, so he said, to go to that distant estate the superintendence of which so frequently took him away from home. He took Lefebvre with him, and possibly some more of the lacqueys; he often did. And my spirits rose a little at the thought of his absence; and then the new sensation that he was the father of my unborn babe came over me, and I tried to invest him with this fresh character. I tried to believe that it was his passionate love for me that made him so jealous and tyrannical, imposing, as he did, restrictions on my very intercourse with my dear father, from whom I was so entirely separated, as far as personal intercourse was concerned.

I had, it is true, let myself go into a sorrowful review of all the troubles which lay hidden beneath the seeming luxury of my

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life. I knew that no one cared for me except my husband and Amante; for it was clear enough to see that I, as his wife, and also as a parvenue, was not popular among the few neighbors who surrounded us; and as for the servants, the women were all hard and impudent-looking, treating me with a semblance of respect that had more of mockery than reality in it, while the men had a lurking kind of fierceness about them, sometimes displayed even to M. de la Tourelle, who on his part, it must be confessed, was often severe even to cruelty in his management of them. My husband loved me, I said to myself, but I said it almost in the form of a question. His love was shown fitfully, and more in ways calculated to please himself than to please me. I felt that for no wish of mine would he deviate one tittle from any predetermined course of action. I had learned the inflexibility of those thin, delicate lips; I knew how anger would turn his fair complexion to a deadly white, and bring the cruel light into his pale blue eyes. The love I bore to any one seemed to be a reason for his hating them, and so I went on pitying myself one long, dreary afternoon during that absence of his of which I have spoken, only sometimes remembering to check myself in my murmurings by thinking of the new unseen link between us, and then crying afresh to think how wicked I was. Oh, how well I remember that long October evening! Amante came in from time to time, talking away to cheer me—talking about dress and Paris, and I hardly know what, but from time to time looking at me keenly with her friendly dark eyes, and with serious interest, too, though all her words were about frivolity. At length she heaped the fire with wood, drew the heavy silken curtains close; for I had been anxious hitherto to keep them open so that I might see the pale moon mounting the skies, as I used to see her—the same moon—rise from behind the Kaiser Stuhl at Heidelberg; but the sight made me cry, so Amante shut it out. She dictated to me as a nurse does to a child.

"Now, madame must have the little kitten to keep her company," she said, "while I go and ask Marthon for a cup of coffee." I remember that speech, and the way it roused me, for I did not like Amante to think I wanted amusing by a kitten. It

might be my petulance, but this speech—such as she might have made to a child—annoyed me, and I said that I had reason for my lowness of spirits—meaning that they were not of so imaginary a nature that I could be diverted from them by the gambols of a kitten. So, though I did not choose to tell her all, I told her a part; and as I spoke, I began to suspect that the good creature knew much of what I withheld, and that the little speech about the kitten was more thoughtfully kind than it had seemed at first. I said that it was so long since I had heard from my father; that he was an old man, and so many things might happen—I might never see him again—and I so seldom heard from him or my brother; it was a more complete and total separation than I had ever anticipated when I married, and something of my home and of my life previous to my marriage I told the good Amante; for I had not been brought up as a great lady, and the sympathy of any human being was precious to me.

Amante listened with interest, and in return told me some of the events and sorrows of her own life. Then, remembering her purpose, she set out in search of the coffee, which ought to have been brought to me an hour before; but in my husband's absence my wishes were but seldom attended to, and I never dared to give orders.

Presently she returned, bringing the coffee and a great large cake.

"See!" said she, setting it down. "Look at my plunder. Madame must eat. Those who eat always laugh. And, besides, I have a little news that will please madame." Then she told me that, lying on a table in the great kitchen, was a bundle of letters, come by the courier from Strasburg that very afternoon; then, fresh from her conversation with me, she had hastily untied the string that bound them, but had only just traced out one that she thought was from Germany, when a servant-man came in, and with the start he gave her she dropped the letters, which he picked up, swearing at her for having untied and disarranged them. She told him that she believed there was a letter there for her mistress; but he only swore the more, saying that if there was it was no business of hers, or of his either, for that he had the strictest orders always to take all letters that arrived

during his master's absence into the private sitting-room of the latter—a room into which I had never entered, although it opened out of my husband's dressing-room.

I asked Amante if she had not conquered and brought me this letter. No, indeed, she replied, it was almost as much as her life was worth to live among such a set of servants; it was only a month ago that Jacques had stabbed Valentin for some jesting talk. Had I never missed Valentin—that handsome young lad who carried up the wood into my salon? Poor fellow! he lies died and cold now, and they said in the village he had put an end to himself, but those of the household knew better. Oh! I need not be afraid; Jacques was gone, no one knew where; but with such people it was not safe to upbraid or insist. Monsieur would be at home the next day, and it would not be long to wait.

But I felt as if I could not exist till the next day without the letter. It might be to say that my father was ill, dying—he might cry for his daughter from his death-bed! In short, there was no end to the thoughts and fancies that haunted me. It was of no use for Amante to say that after all she might be mistaken—that she did not read writing well—that she had but a glimpse of the address; I let my coffee cool, my food all became distasteful, and I wrung my hands with impatience to get at the letter, and have some news of my dear ones at home. All the time, Amante kept her imperturbable good temper, first reasoning, then scolding. At last she said, as if wearied out, that if I would consent to make a good supper, she would see what could be done as to our going to monsieur's room in search of the letter, after the servants were all gone to bed. We agreed to go together when all was still, and look over the letters; there could be no harm in that; and yet, somehow, we were such cowards we dared not do it openly and in the face of the household.

Presently my supper came up—partridges, bread, fruits, and cream. How well I remember that supper! We put the untouched cake away in a sort of buffet, and poured the cold coffee out of the window, in order that the servants might not take offence at the apparent fancifulness of sending down for food I could not eat. I was so anxious for all to be in bed, that I told the footman who

served that he need not wait to take away the plates and dishes, but might go to bed. Long after I thought the house was quiet, Amante, in her caution, made me wait. It was past eleven before we set out, with cat-like steps and veiled light, along the passages, to go to my husband's room and steal my own letter, if it was indeed there; a fact about which Amante had become very uncertain in the progress of our discussion.

To make you understand my story, I must now try to explain to you the plan of the château. It had been at one time a fortified place of some strength, perched on the summit of a rock, which projected from the side of the mountain. But additions had been made to the old building (which must have a strong resemblance to the castles overhanging the Rhine), and these new buildings were placed so as to command a magnificent view, being on the steepest side of the rock, from which the mountain fell away, as it were, leaving the great plain of France in full survey. The ground-plan was something of the shape of three sides of an oblong; my apartments in the modern edifice occupied the narrow end, and had this grand prospect. The front of the castle was old, and ran parallel to the road far below. In this were contained the offices and public rooms of various descriptions, into which I never penetrated. The back wing (considering the new building, in which my apartments were, as the centre) consisted of many rooms, of a dark and gloomy character, as the mountain-side shut out much of the sun, and heavy pine woods came down within a few yards of the windows. Yet on this side—on a projecting plateau of the rock—my husband had formed the flower-garden of which I have spoken; for he was a great cultivator of flowers in his leisure moments.

Now my bedroom was the corner room of the new buildings on the part next to the mountain. Hence I could have let myself down into the flower-garden by my hands on the window-sill on one side, without danger of hurting myself; while the windows at right angles with these looked sheer down a descent of a hundred feet at least. Going still further along this wing, you came to the old building; in fact, these two fragments of the ancient castle had formerly been attached by some such connecting apartments as my husband had rebuilt. These rooms belonged

to M. de la Tourelle. His bedroom opened into mine, his dressing-room lay beyond; and that was pretty nearly all I knew, for the servants, as well as he himself, had a knack of turning me back under some pretence, if ever they found me walking about alone, as I was inclined to do, when first I came, from a sort of curiosity, to see the whole of the place of which I found myself mistress. M. de la Tourelle never encouraged me to go out alone, either in a carriage or for a walk, saying always that the roads were unsafe in those disturbed times; indeed, I have sometimes fancied since that the flower-garden, to which the only access from the castle was through his rooms, was designed in order to give me exercise and employment under his own eye.

But to return to that night. I knew, as I have said, that M. de la Tourelle's private room opened out of his dressing-room, and this out of his bedroom, which again opened into mine, the corner-room. But there were other doors into all these rooms, and these doors led into a long gallery, lighted by windows, looking into the inner court. I do not remember our consulting much about it; we went through my room into my husband's apartment through the dressing-room, but the door of communication into his study was locked, so there was nothing for it but to turn back and go by the gallery to the other door. I recollect noticing one or two things in these rooms, then seen by me for the first time. I remember the sweet perfume that hung in the air, the scent bottles of silver that decked his toilet-table, and the whole apparatus for bathing and dressing, more luxurious even than those which he had provided for me. But the room itself was less splendid in its proportions than mine. In truth, the new buildings ended at the entrance to my husband's dressing-room. There were deep window recesses in walls eight or nine feet thick, and even the partitions between the chambers were three feet deep; but over all these doors or windows there fell thick, heavy draperies, so that I should think no one could have heard in one room what passed in another. We went back into my room, and out into the gallery. We had to shade our candle, from a fear that possessed us, I don't know why, lest some of the servants in the opposite wing might trace our progress towards the

part of the castle unused by any one except my husband. Somehow, I had always the feeling that all the domestics, except Amante, were spies upon me, and that I was trammelled in a web of observation and unspoken limitation extending over all my actions.

There was a light in the upper room; we paused, and Amante would have again retreated, but I was chafing under the delays. What was the harm of my seeking my father's unopened letter to me in my husband's study? I, generally the coward, now blamed Amante for her unusual timidity. But the truth was, she had far more reason for suspicion as to the proceedings of that terrible household than I had ever known of. I urged her on, I pressed on myself; we came to the door, locked, but with the key in it; we turned it, we entered; the letters lay on the table, their white oblongs catching the light in an instant, and revealing themselves to my eager eyes, hungering after the words of love from my peaceful distant home. But just as I pressed forward to examine the letters, the candle which Amante held, caught in some draught, went out, and we were in darkness. Amante proposed that we should carry the letters back to my salon, collecting them as well as we could in the dark, and returning all but the expected one for me; but I begged her to return to my room, where I kept tinder and flint, and to strike a fresh light; and so she went, and I remained alone in the room, of which I could only just distinguish the size, and the principal articles of furniture: a large table, with a deep overhanging cloth, in the middle, escritaires and other heavy articles against the walls; all this I could see as I stood there, my hand on the table close by the letters, my face towards the window, which, both from the darkness of the wood growing high up the mountain-side and the faint light of the declining moon, seemed only like an oblong of paler, purpler black than the shadowy room. How much I remembered from my one instantaneous glance before the candle went out, how much I saw as my eyes became accustomed to the darkness, I do not know, but even now, in my dreams, comes up that room of horror, distinct in its profound shadow. Amante could hardly have been gone a minute before I felt an additional gloom before the window, and heard soft movements outside—soft, but

resolute, and continued until the end was accomplished, and the window raised.

In mortal terror of people forcing an entrance at such an hour, and in such a manner as to leave no doubt of their purpose, I would have turned to fly when first I heard the noise, only that I feared by any quick motion to catch their attention, as I also ran the danger of doing by opening the door, which was all but closed, and to whose handlings I was unaccustomed. Again, quick as lightning, I bethought me of the hiding-place between the locked door to my husband's dressing-room and the portière which covered it; but I gave that up, I felt as if I could not reach it without screaming or fainting. So I sank down softly, and crept under the table, hidden as I hoped, by the great deep table-cover, with its heavy fringe. I had not recovered my swooning senses fully, and was trying to re-assure myself as to my being in a place of comparative safety, for, above all things, I dreaded the betrayal of fainting, and struggled hard for such courage as I might attain by deadening myself to the danger I was in by inflicting intense pain on myself. You have often asked me the reason of that mark on my hand; it was where, in my agony, I bit out a piece of flesh with my relentless teeth, thankful for the pain, which helped to numb my terror. I say, I was just concealed when I heard the window lifted, and one after another stepped over the sill, and stood by me so close that I could have touched their feet. Then they laughed and whispered; my brain swam so that I could not tell the meaning of their words, but I heard my husband's laughter among the rest—low, hissing, and scornful—as he kicked something heavy that they had dragged in over the floor, and which lay near me; so near, that my husband's kick, in touching it, touched me too. I don't know why—I can't tell how—but some feeling, and not curiosity, prompted me to put out my hand, ever so softly, ever so little, and feel in the darkness for what lay spurned beside me. I stole my groping palm upon the clenched and chilly hand of a corpse!

Strange to say, this roused me to instant vividness of thought. Till this moment I had almost forgotten Amante; now I planned with feverish rapidity how I could give her a warning not to return; or rather, I should say, I tried to plan, for all my projects were

utterly futile, as I might have seen from the first. I could only hope she would hear the voices of those who were now busy in trying to kindle a light, swearing awful oaths at the mislaid articles which would have enabled them to strike fire. I heard her step outside coming nearer and nearer; I saw from my hiding-place the line of light beneath the door more and more distinctly; close to it her footstep paused; the men inside—at the time I thought they had been only two, but I found out afterwards there were three—paused in their endeavors, and were quite still, as breathless as myself, I suppose. Then she slowly pushed the door open with gentle motion, to save her flickering candle from being again extinguished. For a moment all was still. Then I heard my husband say, as he advanced towards her (he wore riding-boots, the shape of which I knew well, as I could see them in the light).

"Amante, may I ask what brings you here into my private room?"

He stood between her and the dead body of a man, from which ghastly heap I shrank away as it almost touched me, so close were we all together. I could not tell whether she saw it or not; I could give her no warning, nor make any dumb utterance of signs to bid her what to say—if, indeed, I knew myself what would be best for her to say.

Her voice was quite changed when she spoke; quite hoarse, and very low; yet it was steady enough as she said, what was the truth, that she had come to look for a letter which she believed had arrived for me from Germany. Good, brave Amante! Not a word about me. M. de la Tourelle answered with a grim blasphemy and a fearful threat. He would have no one prying into his premises; madame should have her letters, if there were any, when he chose to give them to her, if, indeed, he thought it well to give them to her at all. As for Amante, this was her first warning, but it was also her last; and, taking the candle out of her hand, he turned her out of the room, his companions discreetly making a screen, so as to throw the corpse into deep shadow. I heard the key turn in the door after her—if I had ever had any thought of escape it was gone now. I only hoped that whatever was to befall me might soon be over, for the tension of nerve was growing

more than I could bear. The instant she could be supposed to be out of hearing, two voices began speaking in the most angry terms to my husband, upbraiding him for not having detained her, gagged her—nay, one was for killing her, saying he had seen her eye fall on the face of the dead man, whom he now kicked in his passion. Though the form of their speech was as if they were speaking to equals, yet in their tone there was something of fear. I am sure my husband was their superior, or captain, or somewhat. He replied to them almost as if he were scoffing at them, saying it was such an expenditure of labor having to do with fools; that, ten to one, the woman was only telling the simple truth, and that she was frightened enough by discovering her master in his room to be thankful to escape and return to her mistress, to whom he could easily explain on the morrow how he happened to return in the dead of night. But his companions fell to cursing me, and saying that since M. de la Tourelle had been married he was fit for nothing but to dress himself fine, and scent himself with perfume; that, as for me, they could have got him twenty girls prettier, and with far more spirit in them. He quietly answered that I suited him, and that was enough. All this time they were doing something—I could not see what—to the corpse; sometimes they were too busy rifling the dead body, I believe, to talk; again they let it fall with a heavy, resistless thud, and took to quarrelling. They taunted my husband with angry vehemence, enraged at his scoffing and scornful replies, his mocking laughter. Yes, holding up his poor dead victim, the better to strip him of whatever he wore that was valuable, I heard my husband laugh just as he had done when exchanging repartees in the little salon of the Rupprechts at Carlsruhe. I hated and dreaded him from that moment. At length, as if to make an end of the subject, he said, with cool determination in his voice,—

“Now, my good friends, what is the use of all this talking, when you know in your hearts that, if I suspected my wife of knowing more than I chose of my affairs, she would not outlive the day?” Remember Victorine. Because she merely joked about my affairs in an imprudent manner, and rejected my advice to keep a prudent tongue—to see what she liked, but ask nothing

and say nothing—she has gone a long journey—longer than to Paris.”

“But this one is different to her; we knew all that Madame Victorine knew, she was such a chatterbox; but this one may find out a vast deal, and never breathe a word about it, she is so sly. Some fine day we may have the country raised, and the gendarmes down upon us from Strasburg, and all owing to your pretty doll, with her cunning ways of coming over you.”

I think this roused M. de la Tourelle a little from his contemptuous indifference, for he ground an oath through his teeth, and said, “Feel! this dagger is sharp, Henri. If my wife breathes a word, and I am such a fool as not to have stopped her mouth effectually before she can bring down gendarmes upon us, just let that good steel find its way to my heart. Let her guess but one tittle, let her have but one slight suspicion that I am not a ‘grand propriétaire,’ much less imagine that I am a chief of chauffeurs, and she follows Victorine on the long journey beyond Paris that very day.”

“She’ll outwit you yet; or I never judged women well. Those still, silent ones are the devil. She’ll be off during some of your absences, having picked out some secret that will break us all on the wheel.”

“Bah!” said his voice; and then in a minute he added, “Let her go if she will. But, where she goes, I will follow; so don’t cry before you’re hurt.”

By this time, they had nearly stripped the body; and the conversation turned on what they should do with it. I learnt that the dead man was the *Sieur de Poissy*, a neighboring gentleman, whom I had often heard of as hunting with my husband. I had never seen him, but they spoke as if he had come upon them while they were robbing some Cologne merchant, torturing him after the cruel practice of the chauffeurs, by roasting the feet of their victims, in order to compel them to reveal any hidden circumstances connected with their wealth, of which the chauffeurs afterwards made use; and this *Sieur de Poissy* coming down upon them, and recognizing M. de la Tourelle, they had killed him, and brought him hither after nightfall. I heard him, whom I called my husband, laugh his little light laugh as he spoke of the way in which the dead body had been strapped before one of the riders,

in such a way that it appeared to any passer-by as if, in truth, the murderer were tenderly supporting some sick person. He repeated some mocking reply of double meaning, which he himself had given to some one who made inquiry. He enjoyed the play upon words, softly applauding his own wit. And all the time the poor helpless outstretched arms of the dead lay close to his dainty boot! Then another stooped (my heart stopped beating), and picked up a letter lying on the ground,—a letter that had dropped out of M. de Poissy's pocket,—a letter from his wife, full of tender words of endearment and pretty babblings of love. This was read aloud, with coarse ribald comments on every sentence, each trying to outdo the previous speaker. When they came to some pretty words about a sweet Maurice, their little child away with its mother on some visit, they laughed at M. de la Tourelle, and told him that he would be hearing such woman's drivelling some day. Up to that moment, I think, I had only feared him, but his unnatural, half-ferocious reply made me hate even more than I dreaded him. But now they grew weary of their savage merriment; the jewels and watch had been appraised, the money and papers examined; and apparently there was some necessity for the body being interred quietly and before daybreak. They had not dared to leave him where he was slain for fear lest people should come and recognize him, and raise the hue and cry upon them. For they all along spoke as if it was their constant endeavor to keep the immediate neighborhood of Les Rochers in the most orderly and tranquil condition, so as never to give cause for visits from the gendarmes. They disputed a little as to whether they should make their way into the castle larder through the gallery, and satisfy their hunger before the hasty interment, or afterwards. I listened with eager, feverish interest as soon as this meaning of their speeches reached my hot and troubled brain, for at the time the words they uttered seemed only to stamp themselves with terrible force on my memory, so that I could hardly keep from repeating them aloud like a dull, miserable, unconscious echo; but my brain was numb to the sense of what they said, unless I myself were named, and then, I suppose, some instinct of self-preservation

stirred within me, and quickened my sense. And how I strained my ears, and nerved my hands and limbs, beginning to twitch with convulsive movements, which I feared might betray me! I gathered every word they spoke, not knowing which proposal to wish for, but feeling that whatever was finally decided upon, my only chance of escape was drawing near. I once feared lest my husband should go to his bedroom before I had had that one chance, in which case he would most likely have perceived my absence. He said that his hands were soiled (I shuddered, for it might be with life-blood), and he would go and cleanse them; but some bitter jest turned his purpose, and he left the room with the other two—left it by the gallery door. Left me alone in the dark with the stiffening corpse!

Now, now was my time, if ever; and yet I could not move. It was not my cramped and stiffened joints that crippled me, it was the sensation of that dead man's close presence. I almost fancied—I almost fancy still—I heard the arm nearest to me move; lift itself up, as if once more imploring, and fall in dead despair. At that fancy—if fancy it were—I screamed aloud in mad terror, and the sound of my own strange voice broke the spell. I drew myself to the side of the table furthest from the corpse, with as much slow caution as if I really could have feared the clutch of that poor dead arm, powerless for evermore. I softly raised myself up, and stood sick and trembling holding by the table, too dizzy to know what to do next. I nearly fainted, when a low voice spoke—when Amante, from the outside of the door, whispered, "Madame!" The faithful creature had been on the watch, had heard my scream, and having seen the three ruffians troop along the gallery down the stairs, and across the court to the offices in the other wing of the castle, she had stolen to the door of the room in which I was. The sound of her voice gave me strength; I walked straight towards it, as one benighted on a dreary moor, suddenly perceiving the small, steady light which tells of human dwellings, takes heart, and steers straight onward. Where I was, where that voice was, I knew not; but go to it I must, or die. The door once opened—I know not by which of us—I fell upon her neck, grasping her tight, till my hands ached with the tension of their

hold. Yet she never uttered a word. Only she took me up in her vigorous arms and bore me to my room, and laid me on my bed. I do not know more; as soon as I was placed there I lost sense; I came to myself with a horrible dread lest my husband was by me, with a belief that he was in the room, in hiding, waiting to hear my first words, watching for the least sign of the terrible knowledge I possessed to murder me. I dared not breathe quicker, I measured and timed each heavy inspiration; I did not speak, nor move, nor even open my eyes, for long after I was in my full, my miserable senses. I heard some one treading softly about the room, as if with a purpose, not as if for curiosity, or merely to beguile the time; some one passed in and out of the salon; and I still lay quiet, feeling as if death were inevitable, but wishing that the agony of death were past. Again faintness stole over me, but just as I was sinking into the horrible feeling of nothingness I heard Amante's voice close to me, saying,—

"Drink this, madame, and let us begone. All is ready."

I let her put her arm under my head and raise me, and pour something down my throat. All the time she kept talking in a quiet, measured voice, unlike her own, so dry and authoritative; she told me that a suit of her clothes lay ready for me, that she herself was as much disguised as the circumstances permitted her to be, that what provisions I had left from my supper were stowed away in her pockets, and so she went on, dwelling on little details of the most commonplace description, but never alluding for an instant to the fearful cause why flight was necessary. I made no inquiry as to how she knew, or what she knew. I never asked her either then or afterwards, I could not bear it—we kept our dreadful secret close. But I suppose she must have been in the dressing-room adjoining, and heard all.

In fact, I dared not speak even to her, as if there were any thing beyond the most common event in life in our preparing thus to leave the house of blood by stealth in the dead of night. She gave me directions—short, condensed directions, without reasons—just as you do to a child; and like a child I obeyed her. She went often to the door and listened; and often, too, she went to

the window, and looked anxiously out. For me, I saw nothing but her, and I dared not let my eyes wander from her for a minute; and I heard nothing in the deep midnight silence but her soft movements, and the heavy beating of my own heart. At last she took my hand, and led me in the dark, through the salon, once more into the terrible gallery, where across the black darkness the windows admitted pale, sheeted ghosts of light upon the floor. Clinging to her I went; unquestioning—for she was human sympathy to me after the isolation of my unspeakable terror. On we went, turning to the left instead of to the right, past my suite of sitting-rooms where the gilding was red with blood, into that unknown wing of the castle that fronted the main road lying parallel far below. She guided me along the basement passages to which we had now descended, until we came to a little open door, through which the air blew chill and cold, bringing for the first time a sensation of life to me. The door led into a kind of cellar, through which we groped our way to an opening like a window, but which, instead of being glazed, was only fenced with iron bars, two of which were loose, as Amante evidently knew, for she took them out with the ease of one who had performed the action often before, and then helped me to follow her out into the free, open air.

We stole round the end of the building, and on turning the corner—she first—I felt her hold of me tighten for an instant, and the next step I, too, heard distant voices, and the blows of a spade upon the heavy soil, for the night was very warm and still.

We had not spoken a word; we did not speak now. Touch was safer and as expressive. She turned down towards the high-road; I followed. I did not know the path; we stumbled again and again, and I was much bruised; so doubtless was she; but bodily pain did me good. At last we were on the plainer path of the high-road.

I had such faith in her that I did not venture to speak, even when she paused, as wondering to which hand she should turn. But now, for the first time, she spoke:—

"Which way did you come when he brought you here first?"

I pointed, I could not speak.

We turned in the opposite direction; still going along the high-road. In about an

hour, we struck up to the mountain-side, scrambling far up before we even dared to rest; far up and away again before day had fully dawned. Then we looked about for some place of rest and concealment: and now we dared to speak in whispers. Amante told me that she had locked the door of communication between his bedroom and mine, and, as in a dream, I was aware that she had also locked and brought away the key of the door between the latter and the salon.

"He will have been too busy this night to think much about you—he will suppose you are asleep—I shall be the first to be missed—but they will only just now be discovering our loss."

I remember those last words of hers made me pray to go on—I felt as if we were losing precious time in thinking either of rest or concealment; but she hardly replied to me, so busy was she in seeking out some hiding-place. At length, giving it up in despair, we proceeded onwards a little way; the mountain-side sloped downwards rapidly, and in the full morning light we saw ourselves in a narrow valley, made by a stream which forced its way along it. About a mile lower down there rose the pale blue smoke of a village, a mill-wheel was lashing up the water close at hand, though out of sight. Keeping under the cover of every sheltering tree or bush, we worked our way down past the mill, down to a one-arched bridge, which doubtless formed part of the road between the village and the mill.

"This will do," said she; and we crept under the space, and climbing a little way up the rough stone-work, we seated ourselves on a projecting ledge, and crouched in the deep damp shadow. Amante sat a little above me, and made me lay my head on her lap. Then she fed me and took some food herself; and opening out her great dark cloak, she covered up every light-colored speck about us; and thus we sat, shivering and shuddering, yet feeling a kind of rest through it all, simply from the fact that motion was no longer imperative, and that during the daylight our only chance of safety was to be still. But the damp shadow in which we were sitting was blighting, from the circumstance of the sunlight never penetrating there; and I dreaded lest, before night and the time for exertion again

came on, I should feel illness creeping all over me. To add to our discomfort it had rained the whole day long, and the stream, fed by a thousand little mountain brooklets, began to swell into a torrent, rushing over the stones with a perpetual and dizzying noise.

Every now and then I was wakened from the painful doze into which I continually fell, by a sound of horses' feet over our head: sometimes lumbering heavily as if dragging a burden, sometimes rattling and galloping, and with the sharper cry of men's voices coming cutting through the roar of the waters. At length day fell. We had to drop into the stream, which came above our knees as we waded to the bank. There we stood, stiff and shivering. Even Amante's courage seemed to fail.

"We must pass this night in shelter, somehow," said she. For indeed the rain was coming down pitilessly. I said nothing. I thought that surely the end must be death in some shape; and I only hoped that to death might not be added the terror of the cruelty of men. In a minute or so she had resolved on her course of action. We went up the stream to the mill. The familiar sounds, the scent of the wheat, the flour whitening the walls—all reminded me of home, and it seemed to me as if I must struggle out of this nightmare and waken, and find myself once more a happy girl by the Neckar side. They were long in unbarring the door at which Armante had knocked; at length an old feeble voice inquired who was there, and what was sought? Armante answered shelter from the storm for two women; but the old woman replied, with suspicious hesitation, that she was sure it was a man who was asking for shelter, and that she could not let us in. But at length she satisfied herself, and unbarred the heavy door, and admitted us. She was not an unkindly woman, but her thoughts all travelled in one circle, and that was, that her master, the miller, had told her on no account to let any man into the place during his absence, and that she did not know if he would not think two women as bad; and yet that as we were not men, no one could say she had disobeyed him, for it was a shame to let a dog be out such a night as this. Amante, with ready wit, told her to let no one know that we had taken shelter there that night,

and that then her master could not blame her; and while she was thus enjoining secrecy as the wisest course, with a view to far other people than the miller, she was hastily helping me to take off my wet clothes, and spreading them, as well as the brown mantle that had covered us both, before the great stove which warmed the room with the effectual heat that the old woman's failing vitality required. All this time the poor creature was discussing with herself as to whether she had disobeyed orders, in a kind of garrulous way that made me fear much for her capability of retaining any thing secret if she was questioned. By and by she wandered away to an unnecessary revelation of her master's whereabouts; gone to help in the search for his landlord, the *Sieur de Poissy*, who lived at the *château* just above, and who had not returned from his chase the day before; so the intendant imagined he might have met with some accident, and had summoned the neighbors to beat the forest and the hill-side. She told us much besides, giving us to understand that she would fain meet with a place as housekeeper where there were more servants and less to do, as her life here was very lonely and dull, especially since her master's son had gone away—gone to the wars. She then took her supper, which was evidently apportioned out to her with a sparing hand, as, even if the idea had come into her head, she had not enough to offer us any. Fortunately, warmth was all that we required, and that, thanks to *Armante's* cares, was returning to our chilled bodies. After supper the old woman grew drowsy, but she seemed uncomfortable at the idea of going to sleep and leaving us still in the house. Indeed, she gave us pretty broad hints as to the propriety of our going once more out into the bleak and stormy night; but we begged to be allowed to stay under shelter of some kind, and at last a bright idea came over her, and she bade us mount by a ladder to a kind of loft, which went half over the lofty mill-kitchen on which we were sitting; we obeyed her—what else could we do?—and found ourselves in a spacious floor, without any safeguard or wall, boarding, or railing, to keep us from falling over into the kitchen in case we went too near the edge. It was, in fact, the store-room or garret for the household. There was bedding piled up, boxes and chests,

mill sacks, the winter store of apples and nuts, bundles of old clothes, broken furniture, and many other things. No sooner were we up there than the old woman dragged the ladder by which we had ascended away with a chuckle, as if she was now secure that we could do no mischief, and set herself down again once more, to doze and await her master's return. We pulled out some bedding and gladly laid ourselves down in our dried clothes and in some warmth, hoping to have the sleep we so much needed to refresh us and prepare us for the next day. But I could not sleep, and I was aware from her breathing that *Amante* was equally wakeful. We could both see through the crevices between the boards that formed the flooring into the kitchen below, very partially lighted by the common lamp that hung against the wall near the stove on the opposite side to that on which we were.

Far on in the night there were voices outside reached us in our hiding-place; an angry knocking at the door, and we saw through the chinks the old woman rouse herself up to go and open it for her master, who came in, evidently half drunk. To my sick horror he was followed by *Lefebvre*, apparently as sober and wily as ever. They were talking together as they came in, disputing about something; but the miller stopped the conversation to swear at the old woman for having fallen asleep, and with tipsy anger, and even with blows, drove the poor old creature out of the kitchen to bed. Then he and *Lefebvre* went on talking—about the *Sieur de Poissy's* disappearance. It seemed that *Lefebvre* had been out all day, along with other of my husband's men, ostensibly assisting in the search; in all probability trying to blind the *Sieur de Poissy's* followers by putting them on a wrong scent, and also, I fancied, from one or two of *Lefebvre's* sly questions, combining the hidden purpose of discovering us.

Although the miller was tenant and vassal to the *Sieur de Poissy*, he seemed to me to be much more in league with the people of *M. de la Tourelle*. He was evidently aware, in part, of the life which *Lefebvre* and the others led; although, again, I do not suppose he knew or imagined one-half of their crimes; and also, I think, he was seriously interested in discovering the fate

of his master, little suspecting Lefebvre of murder or violence. He kept talking himself, and letting out all sorts of thoughts and opinions; watched by the keen eyes of Lefebvre gleaming out below his shaggy eyebrows. It was evidently not the cue of the latter to let out that his master's wife had escaped from that vile and terrible den; but though he never breathed a word relating to us, not the less was I certain he was thirsting for our blood, and lying in wait for us at every turn of events. Presently he got up and took his leave; and the miller bolted him out and stumbled off to bed. Then we fell asleep and slept sound and long.

The next morning, when I awoke, I saw Amante, half raised, resting on one hand, and eagerly gazing, with straining eyes, into the kitchen below. I looked too, and both heard and saw the miller and two of his men eagerly and loudly talking about the old woman, who had not appeared as usual to make the fire in the stove, and prepare her master's breakfast, and who now, late on in the morning, had been found dead in her bed; whether from the effect of her master's blows the night before, or from natural causes, who can tell? The miller's conscience upbraided him a little, I should say, for he was eagerly declaring his value for his housekeeper, and repeating how often she had spoken of the happy life she led with him. The men might have their doubts, but they did not wish to offend the miller, and all agreed that the necessary steps should be taken for a speedy funeral. And so they went out, leaving us in our loft, but so much alone, that, for the first time almost, we ventured to speak freely, though still in a hushed voice, pausing to listen continually. Amante took a more cheerful view of the whole occurrence than I did. She said that, had the old woman lived, we should have had to depart that morning, and that this quiet departure would have been the best thing we could have had to hope for, as in all probability, the housekeeper would have told her master of us and of our resting-place, and this fact would, sooner or later, have been brought to the knowledge of those from whom we most desired to keep it concealed; but that now we had time to rest, and a shelter to rest in, during the first hot pursuit, which we knew to a fatal certainty

was being carried on. The remnants of our food, and the stored-up fruit, would supply us with provision; the only thing to be feared was, that something might be required from the loft, and the miller or some one else mount up in search of it. But even then, with a little arrangement of boxes and chests, one part might be so kept in shadow that we might yet escape observation. All this comforted me a little; but, I asked, how were we ever to escape? The ladder was taken away, which was our only means of descent. But Amante replied that she could make a sufficient ladder of the rope lying coiled among other things, to drop us down the ten feet or so—with the advantage of its being portable, so that we might carry it away, and thus avoid all betrayal of the fact that any one had ever been hidden in the loft.

During the two days that intervened before we did escape, Amante made good use of her time. She looked into every box and chest during the man's absence at his mill; and finding in one box an old suit of man's clothes, which had probably belonged to the miller's absent son, she put them on to see if they would fit her; and, when she found that they did, she cut her own hair to the shortness of a man's, made me clip her black eyebrows as close as though they had been shaved, and by cutting up old corks into pieces such as would go into her cheeks, she altered both the shape of her face and her voice to a degree which I should not have believed possible.

All this time I lay like one stunned; my body resting, and renewing its strength, but I myself in an almost idiotic state—else surely, I could not have taken the stupid interest which I remember I did in all Amante's energetic preparations for disguise. I absolutely recollect once the feeling of a smile coming over my stiff face as some new exercise of her cleverness proved a success.

But toward the second day she required me, too, to exert myself; and then all my heavy despair returned. I let her dye my fair hair and complexion with the decaying shells of the stored-up walnuts; I let her blacken my teeth, and even voluntarily broke a front tooth the better to effect my disguise. But through it all I had no hope of evading my terrible husband. The third night the funeral was over, the drinking

ended, the guests gone; the miller put to bed by his men, being too drunk to help himself. They stopped a little while in the kitchen, talking and laughing about the new housekeeper likely to come; and they, too, went off, shutting, but not locking, the door. Every thing favored us: Amante had tried her ladder on one of the two previous nights, and could, by a dexterous throw from beneath, unfasten it from the hook to which it was fixed, when it had served its office; she

made up a bundle of worthless old clothes in order that we might the better preserve our characters of a travelling pedler and his wife; she stuffed a hump on her back, she thickened my figure, she left her own clothes deep down beneath a heap of others in the chest from which she had taken the man's dress which she wore; and with a few francs in her pocket—the sole money we had either of us had about us when we escaped—we let ourselves down the ladder, unhooked it, and passed into the cold darkness of night again.

THE KINDLING-WOOD BUSINESS.—It is about five years since this trade became a distinct business, and the peripatetic vender of fat-pine found himself and basket laid upon the shelf by the energetic wood-cartmen. The trade has now assumed an importance commensurate with the growth of the city; employing the energies of fifteen large establishments, and an extensive moneyed and real-estate capital. The Nestor of the trade is Daniel Nash, whose firm, the Accomac Wood and Kindling Company, employ a capital of nearly a hundred thousand dollars. Their building occupies the block on Eleventh Avenue, Twenty-Seventh and Twenty-Eighth Streets, where their wood is stored and prepared for use. They draw their supplies entirely from their estate of ten thousand acres of timbered lands in Accomac County, Va.; employing their own vessels, and a force of about two hundred men in cutting, transporting, and distributing their wood to their customers. The other firms get their supplies from wood dealers. Two hundred thousand cords of pine wood are annually brought to the New York market, of which fifty thousand cords are used by kindling-wood companies. In the transportations of this material about a hundred schooners are employed. The number have fallen off somewhat lately through a contraction of the business. Of the immense supply of pine wood, New Jersey furnishes one-eighth, and Virginia the remainder. The supplies from the latter state are drawn principally from the timber lands along the James, York, and Rappahannock Rivers, and from Accomac County, on the peninsula which lies between the Chesapeake Bay and the Atlantic. Mr. James Allen, who is one of the largest real estate owners on the James River, has a railroad fifteen miles long on his own land, for the transportation of timber. From his docks the kindling-wood dealers obtain a large part of their Virginia pine. The supply of kindling

material is rapidly falling off at the accustomed sources, and new tracts will soon have to be opened, probably on the rivers of North and South Carolina and Georgia. New Jersey furnishes a far less amount each succeeding year, and the supply from Virginia is not in keeping with the demand; although the Virginia pine has a very rapid growth, shooting up from the brush to a size large enough for firewood in ten years.

The pine for kindling is brought to the establishments in this city in the form of cord-wood, being afterwards divided into proper lengths by circular saws, and split by a cross-formed axe, acting by machinery. It is then banded by hand, boys being generally employed in this work, usually at wages that yield them a fair compensation for their labor. Finally, the great life of our city is put in motion every morning by those little bundles of pine wood that the kindling-man brings to our doors; and New York without her wood would be in almost as bad a condition as New York without her water. —*Commercial Advertiser.*

A Nation's Manhood; or Stories of Washington and the American War of Independence. By the Author of "Sunlight through the Mist," etc. With Illustrations. Shaw and Co.
The Golden Dream; or Adventures in the Far West. By R. M. Ballantyne, Author of "Hudson's Bay," etc. Shaw and Co.

Two very good boy's books, that are only boy's books, about North America. One is about Washington and the establishment of the United States; the other, looking farther west, describes life in the backwoods. Mr. Ballantyne, the writer of the "Golden Dream," has already taken honors among writers for the young. His credit is maintained by his new volume.—*Examiner.*

From The Spectator.
MOTLEY'S UNITED NETHERLANDS.*

AMONG the historians of the age, Dr. Motley occupies a distinguished and permanent position. Extensive and minute research, unwearied diligence, moral and artistic sympathy, vigorous presentment and picturesque language, give such a value and interest to his historical elaborations, as we recognize only in the works of the most eminent writers of national biography. The reputation already acquired will, we think, be enhanced by the publication of the first instalment of his *History of the United Netherlands*; two volumes alone, out of the four which are projected, being now issued. These two volumes contain the history of the events of six years only, or indeed of less than six years. Commencing in 1584, immediately after the death of William the Silent, they terminate early in the year 1590 with the restoration of English security, and the thorough organization of the Dutch Commonwealth. The dedication of eleven hundred pages to a narrative ranging over a period of little more than five years, implies the insertion of a considerable amount of detail, and possibly of detail that might sometimes be omitted, to the improvement of the work, which would thus gain in unity, concentration, and sustained interest. If the charge of occasional prolixity, however, can be substantiated against Dr. Motley, it is almost the only charge that can be adduced. We believe his statements to be made, and his conclusions to be drawn, with the most entire conscientiousness, even when we incline, as we do in one or two instances, to challenge their accuracy. Thus we refuse to believe in the hypocrisy ascribed to Elizabeth; we refuse to believe, also, in the suggestion of assassination fathered on that great queen. The letters which would thus blacken her fame, are pronounced in Mr. Hepworth Dixon's recent work to be "odious and clumsy literary forgeries," the evident "inventions of a later time;" and even if they were genuine, we should be slow to receive allegations that, to use the words of Mr. Folkstone Williams, "rest exclusively

* *History of the United Netherlands, from the Death of William the Silent to the Synod of Dort, etc., etc.* By John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L., Corresponding Member of the Institute of France, Author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic." Volumes I. and II. Published by John Murray.

on statements made by a discarded servant under the bitterest feelings of disappointment. Again, as regards the ill-fated Mary Stuart, we are by no means sure that her long imprisonment in England was not an inevitable political necessity, or that English statesmen and an English queen *did* violate "all justice and all humanity," when they determined to keep that beautiful, hapless "Daughter of Debate," out of as much mischief as they possibly could.

As regards diction and style, we have almost unqualified praise to offer to the author of the history before us. We take exception, it is true, to an occasional phrase or epithet, such as *gluttonous* of work, *gluttonous* of time, *meridional physiognomy*, a life *brimful* of noble deeds, and some others perhaps; but these expressions are of rare occurrence, and Dr. Motley's language is in general as pure as it is energetic and animated.

In the composition of this new work, the author has "carefully studied all the leading contemporary chronicles and pamphlets of Holland, Flanders, Spain, France, Germany, and England," drawing largely "from those mines of historical wealth, the State Paper Office and the MS. department of the British Museum." He has "further enjoyed an inestimable advantage in the perusal of the whole correspondence between Philip II., his ministers and governors, relating to the affairs of the Netherlands, from the epoch at which the work commences down to that monarch's death."

The subject of Dr. Motley's prosc-epic is "the deep-laid conspiracy of Spain and Rome against human rights," and its frustration by England and Holland, whose history and fate were, after the death of William the Silent, for a season almost identical. Among the principal heroes and heroines of this period, we find Philip of Spain, Catherine of France, Henry of Navarre, Elizabeth of England, Pope Sixtus, Philip de Marnix, Alexander Farnese, Leicester, Sidney, Barneveld, Drake, Burleigh, Walsingham, and others of less note. Dr. Motley's wonderful skill in sketching the physical and mental characteristics of these personages must prove an attraction to even the most careless reader. The portraits, which he suspends in his historical picture gallery, bring you face to face with the great or lit-

the originals, so that you almost feel as if you had grasped their hands, or rubbed clothes with them as they passed you by, in the bustle and jostle of this age of conflict, of peril, and extraordinary personal and national excitement. Among these portraits we find that of the small, dull, elderly, patient, plodding invalid, with white hair, protruding under jaw, and dreamy visage, the old man of the Escorial, Philip II.; that of Sainte Aldegonde, scholar, theologian, diplomatist, swordsman, orator, poet, pamphleteer, with crisp curling hair, expansive forehead, broad, brown, melancholy, tender eyes, lean cheeks, and flexible mouth; that of Henry III., with silken flounces, jewelled stomacher, painted face, satin-slipped feet, and with pearls of great price—adorning his bared neck and breast, a broken man and contemptible king; that of Henry with the Sear, Duke of Guise, with dark martial face and dangerous eyes, a cheek damaged by an arquebus-shot, slow and heavy in character, idol of grocers and market-men, defender of the good old religion, and god of fish-women; that of the third Henry, the Huguenot King of Navarre, instinct with ruddy, vigorous life, with face browned by exposure, small, mirthful, commanding blue eyes, thick brown curly beard, a man that “sets all hearts around him on fire, when the trumpet sounds to battle;” that of Queen Elizabeth in her fifty-third year, in satin and velvet garments, with fringes of pearls as big as beans, a small gold crown on her head, red hair blazing with diamonds and emeralds, tall forehead, long face, fair complexion, small dark glittering eyes, etc., speaking French with purity, but with a drawing accent, “*Paar maa foi, paar le Dieu vivant*;” that of monastic-looking Walsingham, with long, grave, melancholy face and Spanish eyes; that of the Lord High Treasurer Burleigh, then sixty-five years of age, with serene blue eye, large, smooth, pale, scarce-wrinkled face and forehead; and, lastly, that of Leicester, once renowned for his gypsy beauty, but now, when his summer solstice has passed, figuring as a big, bulky man with a long red face, bald head, defiant eye, with a little torrent of foam-white curly beard, rustling in satin and feathers, with jewels in his ears, and velvet toque stuck airily as ever on the side of his head.

This last personage was, Dr. Motley tells

us, the most abused man in Europe. In addition to the charge of participation in Amy Robsart's death, he was accused of poisoning Alice Drayton, Lady Lennox, Lord Sussex, Sir Nicholas Throgmorton, Lord Sheffield, Lady Sheffield (whom he had married), Lord Essex; and further, he is said to have murdered or contrived the murder of various other persons, French and English. “Fortunately for his fame,” remarks our historian, “many of ‘these charges’ were proved to be false.” One of the *picturesque lies* (the “high art” fictions shall we call them?) which struggle hard for life, that which makes Leicester responsible for Amy Robsart's “fall down-stairs,” has, we are happy to say, been kicked after her, at least once before, and now again receives similar contemptuous treatment from the dexterous foot of Dr. Motley:—

“A Jury [he tells us] was impannelled—every man of them a stranger to him (Leicester) and some of them enemies. Antony Forster, Appleyard, and Arthur Robsart, brother-in-law and brother of the lady, were present, according to Dudley's special request; ‘and if more of her friends could have been sent,’ said he, ‘I would have sent them;’ but with all their minuteness of inquiry ‘they could find,’ wrote Blount, ‘no presumptions of evil,’ although he expressed a suspicion that ‘some of the jurymen were sorry that they could not.’ That the unfortunate lady was killed by a fall down-stairs was all that could be made of it by a coroner's inquest, rather hostile than otherwise, and urged to rigorous investigation by the supposed culprit himself.”

The stirring narrative of Dr. Motley, contained in these two volumes, is susceptible of a threefold division. The first section opens with a notice of the death of the Prince of Orange, and terminates with the siege and capitulation of Antwerp; the second includes the entrance of the English and Leicester's administration in the Netherlands; and the third describes the preparations for the great attack upon England, by the “old man of the Escorial.” The details of the siege of Antwerp, characterized by Dr. Motley as one of the most brilliant military operations of the age, and one of the most memorable in the results—form a connected whole, which will be read with profound interest; while the invasion of England in the third section is a little epic in

itself, that will make the eyes brighten and the heart leap as men read. This invasion had long been projected.

"Philip [says Dr. Motley] stood enfeoffed, by divine decree, of all America, the East Indies, the whole Spanish Peninsula, the better portion of Italy, the Seventeen Netherlands, and many other possessions far and near; and he contemplated annexing to this extensive property the kingdoms of France, of England, and Ireland. The Holy League, maintained by the sword of Guize, the pope's ban, Spanish ducats, Italian condottieri, and German mercenaries, was to exterminate heresy and establish the Spanish dominion in France. The same machinery, aided by the pistol and poniard of the assassin, was to substitute for English Protestantism and England's queen, the Roman Catholic religion and a foreign sovereign."

How, after the failure of long peace negotiations, in which Philip meant to cheat and Elizabeth to be true, "the little nation of four millions, the merry England of the sixteenth century, went forward to the death-grapple with its gigantic antagonist as cheerfully as to a long-expected holiday," is told by Dr. Motley in glowing and eloquent language, and with a clearness, precision, color, and individuality, that enable us to realize the heroic resistance which the island kingdom offered to the insolent empire that overshadowed the world.

The circumstances that marked the intervening period, the policy of Elizabeth and England, loyal but dilatory and expectant, the queen's ultimate determination to take part with Holland in its struggle for liberty, the fortunes of war in the Netherlands, the conduct of Leicester, as commander and as governor-general, the siege of Zutphen, the death of Sidney at Arnheim, the victories of Drake, and the imperious, parsimonious, hesitating action of Elizabeth, before she broke away from the delusions of diplomacy, are represented, in the second section, with distinctness, precision, and animation. Sometimes, a passage stands out in the narrative with splendid coloring, and with something of poetic beauty, as in the episode of Sir Philip Sidney, the young Governor of Flushing, with "delicately chiselled Anglo-Norman features, smooth fair cheek, a faint moustache, blue eyes, and a mass of amber-col-

ored hair," a representative of ancient race come back to the home of his ancestors.*

In a short general review of the policy of this period, Dr. Motley condemns the administration of Leicester in the Netherlands; he censures also the states for their premature appointment of Leicester to the governor-generalship, and Elizabeth's animosity to him and indignation with the states, after the offer and acceptance of that authority.

The Republic of the Netherlands, however, continued during this period to acquire consistency and permanent form. The following extract will show the resources and characteristics of a country that would willingly have become a dependency of the English crown, had not Elizabeth refused to accept the sovereignty:—

"Notwithstanding the war which had been raging for a terrible quarter of a century without any interruption, population was increasing, property rapidly advancing in value, labor in active demand. Famine was impossible to a state which commanded the ocean. No corn grew in Holland and Zealand, but their ports were the granary of the world. The fisheries were a mine of wealth almost equal to the famous Potosi, with which the commercial world was then ringing. Their commerce with the Baltic nations was enormous. In one month, eight hundred vessels left their havens for the eastern ports alone. There was also no doubt whatever . . . that the rebellious provinces were driving a most profitable trade with Spain, and the Spanish possessions, in spite of their revolutionary war. The mines of Peru and Mexico were as fertile for the Hollanders and Zealanders, as for the Spaniards themselves. The war paid for the war; one hundred large frigates were constantly cruising along the coasts, to protect the fast-growing traffic, and an army of twenty thousand foot-soldiers, and two thousand cavalry were maintained on land. There were more ships and sailors at that moment in Holland and Zealand, than in the whole kingdom of England."

This prosperity was not confined to the seaports. "The towns in the interior were advancing as steadily. The woollen manufacture, the tapestry, the embroideries of Guelderland and Friesland and Overysse, were becoming as famous as had been those

* But see what Ben Jonson says of Sidney in Emerson's *Conduct of Life*, page 264.

of Tournay, Ypres, Brussels, and Valenciennes." Such, with its million and a half of souls was Holland, one of the two companions in arms that fought in the "great combat between despotism, sacerdotal and regal, and the spirit of rational human liberty." The other champion of individual and national freedom, that threw "down the gauntlet to the greatest powers on earth," was England.

"What now was that England? Its population was perhaps not greater than the numbers which dwell to-day within its capital, and immediate suburbs. Its revenue was perhaps equal to the sixtieth part of the annual interest on the present national debt. Single, highly favored individuals, not only in England, but in other countries, cis and trans Atlantic, enjoy incomes equal to more than half the amount of Elizabeth's annual budget. London, then containing perhaps one hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants, was hardly so imposing a town as Antwerp, and was inferior in most material respects to Paris and Lisbon; forty-two hundred children were born every year within its precincts, and the deaths were nearly as many. In plague years, which were only too frequent, as many as twenty thousand, and even thirty thousand, had been annually swept away. At the present epoch, there are seventeen hundred births every week, and about one thousand deaths."

Dr. Motley continues his description, citing two very interesting notices of our an-

cestors from Emmanuel van Meteren and Paul Henszner. But we must forbear to report their circumstantial delineations.

With the defeat and destruction of the Invincible Armada, the present game of despotism was played out in England and Holland. In coming years it was to be resumed on the soil of France. When we meet Dr. Motley again, we shall find that many of the personages who have figured in these volumes have passed away. Henry III. and Catherine de Medicis, Moeurs and Martin Schenk, are dead. Leicester, too, died just after the defeat of the Armada, and the thrifty queen, as our historian touchingly observes, "while dropping a tear upon the grave of sweet Robin, sold all his goods at auction to defray his debts to herself;" which was a very poor sentiment but very good sense! This parsimonious, imperious Elizabeth we shall see once again, as also Philip the Prudent, Henry of Navarre, and John of Olden-Barneveld; with yet "another personage, a very young man still, but a deep-thinking, hard-working student,"—Prince Maurice, with the dark blue eyes, symmetrical features, and red lips, the son of William the Silent; the sapling springing from the root of the aged oak, that by his after career shall nobly justify his assumption of the motto, "Tandem fit surculus arbor."

The Post-Office London Suburban Directory.
With Map. Kelley and Co.

THIS is the first issue of an important supplement to the Post-Office Directory, which will be as indispensable to many men of business as that work itself. Beginning where the London Directory ends, it extends that work by the addition of a guide (formed on the same system) to inhabitants of the whole region within the limits of the Metropolitan Postal District. By adding the Suburban to the London Directory, the whereabouts of every householder within twelve miles of the Post Office may be discovered with the greatest ease. Barking, Barnet, Hammer-smith and Tottenham; Blackheath, Deptford, Erith, Wimbledon, Richmond; every place recognized by the Post-Office as an outlying portion of the London Postal District is included

in this Suburban Directory. We cannot praise the present accuracy of the map; the suburbs need a new map every year, and it is too much to expect the managers of the Directory to undertake also their own survey. In all for which they are themselves responsible, in the Directory itself, we have been unable to detect an error.—*Examiner*

In connection with the discharge of his episcopal duties the Bishop of Durham visited Darlington last week, and during his visit he became the guest of Mr. Joseph Pease, the well-known Quaker. The clergy of the district were invited to meet the bishop at dinner, and probably such a company never before assembled under the roof of one of that class of dissenters to which Mr. Pease belongs.

From The Century.

A PILGRIMAGE TO MY MOTHERLAND.*

THE publisher has favored us with the advanced sheets of the above work, which we have read with very great interest. It is proper to state that the author is a colored man, born a British subject in the West Indies. Well educated, and early discovering that the Africo-Anglo race can never rise to an equality with the white man while the races dwell together, he determined for himself to seek out, by a personal visit to Africa, that section which, in his best judgment, should promise the highest future for himself and family. Aided by friends, he departed for England, and there finding further aid took the steam-packet line for the coast of Africa, his ultimate destination being the Yoruba country, which he intended to explore about lat. 5° north. He had for sole travelling companion Dr. Delany, also a colored man. The sheets before us contain the records of his journeys, modestly, but graphically set down. A lecture by the author on the Yoruba country, before the New York Geographical and Statistical Society, lately delivered, afforded high satisfaction to an audience composed of the most learned men of our city. His book will not fail to please all who are interested—and who is not—in the mysteries of African Exploration, and the problem of African civilization.

In his preface the author tells us that "in spite of efforts to be brief, the work has attained its present dimensions, with the length of which, however, as a book, there is certainly no cause of complaint;" and that "the narrative is, as far possible, confined to personal observations, though this has perhaps deprived the casual reader of some details otherwise interesting. Much error, particularly in reference to Africa, has been propagated in consequence of writers generally not confining the subject of their books to their own observations."

The author landed at Lagos, July 21st, 1859 (remaining in the country until April, 1860), in lat. 6° 24' North; long. 3° 22' East, in the Bight of Benin; being under British protection his reception was cordial. The landing is difficult and dangerous on the outside beach, but by the mouth of the river can always be made safely and easily by the

* A Pilgrimage to My Motherland. An Account of a Journey Among the Egbas and Yorubas of Central Africa in 1859-60. X Chapters, 144 pp. By Robert Campbell, one of the Commissioners of the Niger Valley Exploring Party; late in charge of the Scientific Department of the Institute for Colored Youth, Philadelphia; and Member of the International Statistical Congress, London. New York: Thomas Hamilton, 48 Beekman St. Philadelphia: by the Author, 661 North Thirteenth St.

assistance of a small "tug." The site of Lagos is low and unhealthy, and the inhabitants subject to fever with chills. The acclimating process requires fifteen months. Lagos contains twenty-five white inhabitants. "Decemo" is the king.

His first journey was to "Abbeokuta" (which means under a rock), a town estimated to contain more than one hundred thousand inhabitants, which he reached in five days, though ten or fifteen days are often required—a day's journey being twenty-five to thirty miles. He visited the king, who said he had great "sympathy" with his enterprises, and would afford every encouragement, but that some who came as traders from Brazil, Cuba, and Sierra Leone, gave him much trouble.

"His body above the loins," says Mr. Campbell, "was nude; otherwise, his attire consisted of a handsome velvet cape, trimmed with gold, a costly necklace of coral, and a double strand of the same ornament around his loins, with a velvet cloak thrown gracefully about the rest of his person, under which he wore his shocoto, a sort of loose trousers reaching only to the knees. One of his wives (he has more than a hundred), was seated on the same mat fanning him. He fondled on his knees an infant, and eight or ten of his other little children, all about the same age, were gambling around him. On his right were seated several very old men dressed in white cloths, elders of the Ogboni council, with one or other of whom his majesty usually played at the native game of *wari*, a description of which is given in another place. He offered me the only chair in his establishment."

We suppose that the offer of his chair to the stranger, was from this splendidly attired old king, almost as significant a courtesy, as if an European monarch should ask his visitor to "take a throne and be seated." The following extract is an important correction of a general mistake, and not without a domestic application:—

"It has been asserted that the native African does not manifest under any circumstances the same deference for colored men, that he does for white men; and so fully is this believed, particularly in the United States, that both my colleague, Dr. Delany, and myself were frequently cautioned respecting the danger to which we should be exposed in consequence of our complexion. It is, indeed, true that more respect has been accorded to white men, on account of their superior learning and intelligence, than to the generality of semi-civilized black men

from the Brazils and other places, who now live in the Aku country; but it is a great mistake to think that the same is withheld from colored men similarly endowed with their white brethren. Let any disinterested person visiting Abbeokuta, place himself in a position to notice the manner in which such a person, for instance, as the Rev. Samuel Crowther, or even his son of the same name, each a pure Negro, is treated, and he would soon perceive the profound respect with which Africans treat those of their own race worthy of it. The white man who supposes himself respected in Africa, merely because he is white, is grievously mistaken. I have had opportunities to know, that if he should, presuming upon his complexion, disregard propriety in his bearing towards the authorities, he would receive as severe rebuke as a similar offence would bring him in England. One of the chiefs of Abbeokuta, Atambala, was with us one day when a young missionary entered and passed him with only a casual nod of the head. As soon as he was seated the haughty old chief arose and said, in his own tongue: 'Young man, whenever any of my people, even the aged, approaches me, he prostrates himself with his face to the ground. I do not expect the same from you, or from civilized men (*oyibo*), nevertheless, remember always that I shall demand all the respect due to a chief of Abbeokuta.' A sufficient apology was given, and the matter ended, not without, it is hoped, teaching a salutary lesson.

"Viewed as to its power of enforcing order, and affording security for life and property, the government of Abbeokuta is as efficient as a civilized government can be, and it accomplishes these ends with the greatest ease and simplicity. Punishment is summary and certain; notwithstanding, nobody complains of injustice. The penalty for theft is extreme, being either decapitation or foreign slavery. Before the advent of missionaries and civilized people adultery was sometimes a capital offence; now it is modified to heavy fines, the amount of which is always proportioned to the position and wealth of the offender. Cases of adultery often occur, and must be expected until they are taught to abandon the disgusting system of polygamy.

"The tenure of property is as it is among civilized people, except as to land, which is deemed common property; every individual enjoys the right of taking unoccupied land, *as much as he can use*, wherever and whenever he pleases. It is deemed his property as long as he keeps it in use; after that, it

is again common property. This custom is observed by all the Akus."

So that it appears that the theories held by some political economists, and reached only through long debate and study, are actually embodied in successful practice in land where the "Science" is not even an empty name.

Mr. Campbell's account of the cultivation of cotton by the Yorubas, is too interesting to be omitted; and when we remember that the quantity of cotton they send to market now equals that exported by the United States to Great Britain at the close of the last century, and the facility with which such a race could be induced to cultivate it, we cannot but think the Yorubas destined to a high position in the mighty realm of King Cotton:—

"Cotton from Abbeokuta has been an article of export to the British market for about eight years. In the first year only two hundred and thirty-five pounds could be procured, but from that time, through the efforts of Thomas Clegg, Esq., of Manchester, and several gentlemen connected with the Church Missionary Society, London, the export has more than doubled every year, until, in 1859 the quantity reached about six thousand bales or seven hundred and twenty thousand pounds. The plant abounds throughout the entire country, the natives cultivating it for the manufacture of clothes for their own consumption. Its exportation is, therefore, capable of indefinite extension. In the seed it is purchased from the natives at something less than two cents per pound. It is then ginned and pressed by the traders, and shipped to Liverpool, where it realizes better prices than New Orleans cotton. The gins now in use by the natives affect injuriously the fibre, so as to depreciate it at least two cents per pound. Properly cleaned, it would bring far more than New Orleans cotton, and even as it is, the value is about four cents more than the East India product. The plant in Africa being perennial, the expense and trouble of replanting every year, as in this country, is avoided. There are flowers and ripe cotton on the plants at all seasons of the year, although there is a time when the yield is greatest. Free laborers for its cultivation can be employed each for about one-half the interest of the cost of a slave at the South per annum, and land at present can be procured for nothing. These are advantages not to be despised."

The passages quoted indicate the interest of the book; though a closer abstract of its topic and argument, would more clearly exhibit its character and purpose. The author considers the Yoruba country ripe for the introduction of higher civilization, and to facilitate emigration thither, concluded a

treaty with the authorities of Abbeokuta on behalf of the African race in America. The book will be sold at the low price of sixty-two cents, and it is hoped the proceeds will enable the author to remove his family to Africa, and help in the cause of African regeneration.

THOMAS SULLY.—It is because of the profound pleasure the contemplation of Mr. Sully's pictures affords, that we are always interested in writing and reading of their merit. Than Thomas Sully there is no name which stands higher in the history of American art, and none which commands greater admiration and respect.

Mr. Sully, in his old age, can look back with pride upon fifty years of unusual success, knowing that it was won by true excellence in art, and sure that while his noble pictures retain their form and color, his fame will keep its freshness. As a portrait painter, he stands by the side of Stuart and Sir Thomas Lawrence; his portraits of women especially, have grace and poetry, that not even Reynolds has surpassed. In portraiture he can be accused of no deficiency; he gives not only literal resemblance of feature, but that expression without which the best drawing is a blank. His love for the beautiful sometimes leads him to idealize a commonplace countenance—a liberty which is perhaps a fault,—but none can accuse Sully of degrading a noble face. Two generations have acknowledged his genius in this department, and his canvasses preserve the counterfeited presentments of many a man and woman, eminent in literature, politics, and art.

In the union of portraiture with historical painting he excels. There is no finer Shakespearean illustration known to us, than his portrait of George Frederick Cooke, as Richard III., now in the Academy of the Fine Arts, Philadelphia. Hogarth's celebrated picture of Garrick in the same character exhibits Richard in an unusual light, when his purposes are suspended and his character concealed by the influence of a supernatural dream, and therefore illustrates an exceptional incident of his life; but Sully has condensed into a cunning attitude and look, the secret and entire spirit of the usurper, and in a painting of such power and beauty that the tragedy itself is less satisfactory than its illustration. It is high praise, we know, to say that any artist excels Shakespeare, even in the worst of his plays, but our judgment is not hasty, nor unsustained by authority.

Mr. Sully, now resident in Philadelphia, paints with as much vigor as ever. One of the last pictures we have ever seen from his easel, is a noble sketch of the late Rembrandt Peale. It is not likely that he will give to the world any further proof of his power in great historical

painting, but we hope to see from his hand many a new embodiment of loveliness and grace, before his eye loses the manifold colors of earth in the beautiful blue of heaven.—*Century*.

MISS BREMER AND THE POPE.—When Miss Bremer was in Rome not long ago, she visited the pope and conversed with him. As she left, Pius IX. gave her this advice, which she tells in her recent book:—

“‘I will tell you something. Pray! pray for light from the Lord, for grace to acknowledge the truth; because this is the only means of attaining to it. Controversy will do no good. In controversy is pride and self-love. People in controversy make a parade of their knowledge, of their acuteness, and, after all, every one continues to hold his own views. Prayer alone gives light and strength for the acquirement of truth and grace. Pray every day—every night before you go to rest—and I hope that grace and light may be given to you. For God wishes that we should humble ourselves, and he gives his grace to the humble. And now, God bless and keep you for time and eternity!’ This pure priestly and fatherly admonition was so beautifully and fervently expressed that it went to heart, and humbly and with my heart I pressed the hand paternally extended toward me. That it was the hand of the pope did not embarrass me in the slightest degree; for he was to me really at this moment the representative of the Teacher who in life and doctrine preached humility, not before men, but before God, and taught mankind to pray to him.”

The Birth-Day Souvenir; A Book of Thoughts on Life and Immortality. Selected from eminent Writers. Every page Illuminated and Printed in Gold and Colors, from Designs by Samuel Stanesby. Griffith and Farran.

This book is another representative of the revived taste for illuminated books. On the first page is a handsome illuminated framework, within which the name of the person on whose birthday it is given shall be written. The substance of the book is made up of selected thoughts, pious and profitable, printed in blue ink within a series of very beautifully executed ornamental borders, rich in gold and color.—*Examiner*.